The Purgiters

IV.

or Time Passes

or Here & Now

or In the Flesh.

June 19th 1933

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The Parasites. Cont

with She was at the moment reading aloud to her father in his den at the back of the house. She stopped reading. She had read them all now. "Put them away" he said, as she finished "Keep them ~~remember~~ always." It was a sign that he was growing old. Ten years ago, even five years ago, he would not have bothered about keeping newspaper cuttings. He ~~had sat heavily upright~~ in his ~~chair~~ made no comment. Presently his younger brother was dead: was dead & buried. He was alive. He reached for the little box of chessmen. Ostensibly he was going to work out chess problems; in fact, he would fall asleep. She left him jumbling with bagged red & white dependents among the little red & white chessmen.

The praise of the obituary writers still droned in her ears as she shut the door. Then sorry her resemblance, her funereal mood changed. She remembered Uncle Arthur's top hat on the hall table when he came to lunch. And the silver cane with a little pearl handle he always had in his hand. He had a way of tapping one's ~~down~~ front teeth with it.

Yes, she sighed, making it there with lead pencil, "That's it, there." She had a feeling that she was getting closer to something: but voices in the front room interrupted her. She went on, hand still holding the press cutting

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Bobby was there, & Rose; they were sitting at the tea
table, ~~waiting for the kettle to boil,~~ talking.
The kettle was not yet boiling.
"Who do they get to write that sort of thing?" said
Bobby, turning to the cutting: He had seen them
already but he began to read them again.
"a man of wide interests – Not fished & played
golf" .. a lady of marked character & personal
Charm ... "The truth is always" he added,
letting them fall on the tea table, "that he was a
~~perfect nonentity~~; ~~the creation of~~ his Secretary; to" ~~made him up~~
that when he died, ~~broke~~ ~~Derby~~ went pop."
well but there must have been something" said
Eleanor – Look at all that" She pointed to the
longest strip, which was stretched from the
~~butler dark to the sugar basin~~ half across the
tea table.
~~I liked her, Bobby went on~~ – I liked the house; I
liked the ~~independence~~; I liked the flatterers; I liked the
~~way nothing ever happened~~; I liked the dust
butler; & the ~~old~~ Cave of bread; & the
~~the tea~~" Rose added. She never told
the ~~truth~~ I liked going in after dinner –
Sunday Aunt Eugenia
"So did I" said Eleanor. D'you remember how
she came no you were two babies: when
mama died, she came & sat in the kitchen.
"We were sent to them with Miriam
Parrish" said Rose
That day, said Bobby ~~you know~~ we didn't
really go to them we made her take us to the
Aquarium. We were in roaring Spirits the
day of the funeral.
"You weren't old enough to know her"
said Eleanor quickly.

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Bobby smiled. Dear old Eleanor, with her loyalties.
I remember" Rose began. She stopped two.
They were all slightly constrained in each others
presence.
Now you used to fight! said Eleanor, extracting a
hair pin & beginning to poke the work of the kettle.
Eleanor. that's no way to mix" said Bobby, taking
over a match box. We had to fight, ... you know now ...
Eleanor. You used to fight, had the best of it.
Rose was a demon, said Bobby.
I hated you. said Rose. at least after
you went to school; I bought back that awful
ferret faced boy & found me out. Then
school room. And then you came into the
money. said, very thoroughly ashamed of
yourself. "I'll ask you three times to come
boating; & if you don't answer. the third time
I shall go alone. (of course)
I was longing to do. but I said to myself.
Not if I know it. And you said at the third
time & I said nothing. And after you'd gone I
I locked myself up in the bathroom & howled."
what awful liars ~~children are~~! " said Bobby.
what awful horrible children. Children do
laugh!"
You had a better time than I did " said
Rose. You went to school.
My dear Rose. said Bobby. That's one of your
cheap theories. ~~I always say it.~~ Bosh. You
went to Newnham."
Oh yes. I went to Newnham said Rose
wistfully.
It's not the same as Balliol & Christchurch is it?
said Rose.
Look here. Eleanor, said Bobby, with

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Exasperated by his dilatory methods, "you'd only have
typed a note — an envelope — a" he began
searching for paper in his pocket.
then then "I went into the army" he added. "Oh no, I
~~imposed~~ the army.
"You were free ~~asked~~ to do what you liked" said
Ron.
"Free" exclaimed Bobby sarcastically — "what d'you
mean by 'freedom'?
"You'd only got to say — said Ron. "Whereas I
might say like I was blue in the face.
Have you ~~you~~ ever ~~don't~~ known the way to talk about it"
said Bobby. "You want a vote? They were
~~the~~ you long to get at this time? They were
quarrelling again.
"Oh ~~let~~ Bobby. Try it your own way".
said Eleanor to pacify him.
He took up one of the newspapers cuttings, a ~~the~~ letter
"Papa wants them kept" said Eleanor preventing him.
Bobby ~~stood~~, she said ~~typed back in her chair~~.
I mean — she struggled with her own lack of words;
He wasn't that; I felt he was ~~that~~. I mean, ~~was so many~~
different ~~typed~~ when I'm reading them to papa,
That's true; "then I feel" she saw the dogs bowl in
the hall; "it's all big. And so ... " the stopped.
It seems ~~to end, I mean, here~~ I suppose the ~~one~~ person may be
~~deliberate; ~~stood my~~~~ in ~~depend~~ on lots of
people" she ended lamely
~~They were written in~~ somebody meaning
outrage who's who, I suppose, said Bobby Ron.
"And what's going to happen to the ~~two~~
children?" said Bobby. ~~Master of Elvira~~
Master of Elvira — ~~what~~ where are they
going to live?" what have they got to

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~~They won't have very much, but they'll have just enough~~ —
about two hundred & fifty a year each." said Eleanor.
And they have ~~jewels~~ their something or other
~~together valuable~~ — jewels, — their grandmothers."
They'll live together then? he asked. They can't live
~~For the time~~ ~~worth~~) on it" They can't live with
Robert's ~~in~~ means
~~And~~ Paul's engaged.
~~Maggie with many, I come.~~
They'll live together, I think "at any rate like Maggie
married.
Who was the grandmother? Rose asked.
(Now it barley. she said)
~~Bobby had~~
I'm not sure you got a sensible tea
Kettle, Eleanor" ~~Bobby~~ said Bobby.
He was — ~~the~~ who was he!) don't know.
Italian — Spanish. ~~I don't know.~~ ~~Aunt Eugenie~~ ~~they~~ ~~Aunt Eugenie~~ ~~she was~~ ~~mothers~~ —
Aunt Eugenie
The great grandmother Aunt Eugenie was" said
Bobby "that she never told the truth —
~~lived in a~~ ~~She was an~~ extraordinarily ~~liar~~
~~maniac~~ woman. The was a born
She was probably Chancy!"
~~truth~~, She didn't know what the truth was." said
~~That's an advantage~~, said Bobby,
~~We Dayelles~~" he looked at Eleanor,
~~measure out the tea~~ ~~warm the~~
tea ~~by~~ measures out the tea
~~in a literal~~ sensible, hum drum,
~~person~~, we Dayelles can't tell a lie
~~face our~~ ~~tools~~.
~~I rather like it~~ ~~[redacted]~~ Rose.

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He was thinking of his own conduct. Eleanor knew: he had ~~later~~ made a mess of things: they had found a job for him in Ireland, but he had ruined his career as a soldier in the Boer war. Crosby came in with a cup and tray "The Master's tea Miss" said Crosby, Hullo Crosby said Bobby. How the world treating you!

Crosby, wrinkled, macilated, smiled, & showing japs in his lower jaw. "I've been feeling Miss Eleanor" he continued "that's time you bought a new tea kettle" Crosby doesn't hold with new inventions" said Eleanor. She won't ~~do~~ start heating in this Tube, will you Crosby? myster" said But she's been in a taxi" Rose.

They broke to Crosby as ~~if the news~~ in a heroic tone of voice; ~~partly because~~ Crosby ~~an~~ The dog, an old retriever, always jumped up when Crosby came into the room. Ye're telling that beast get much too fat Crosby" said Bobby.

~~Crosby~~ Oh ~~for Bobby said Crosby~~, What what I say" said Eleanor. Oh Miss Eleanor" said Crosby, retreating with the tray cup: the dog followed her.

~~Elvera's tells accept her lord~~ "~~little~~ her mother" ~~said~~ Rose.) don't suffer ~~maggie~~ Elvera will many" said Rose. ~~The~~ ~~Crosby~~ The with that ... the parrot -

~~The~~ Poor ~~little~~ Elvera, said Bobby. "Poor" Elvera" said Eleanor. ~~The~~ ~~talks your head~~ off. The never stops talking" "Like her mother?" Bobby said asked.

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Aunt Eugenie must have been a very attractive woman.
~~He must have had lots of admirers.~~ Now what was
true story about the letters that were found in a box?
~~There was a story too? Eleanor?~~
Eleanor shook her head.
~~I just remember Mama saying~~
~~There was a scandal — Yes.~~
You never asked Papa! he cried. You know I hate
~~the wouldn't have been~~ Papa was in love
with her.
Eleanor did not like that kind of question. It
~~Mother.~~ Her caught Rose's eye. ~~She~~
~~Rose looked at~~ They were only ~~Ten~~
~~years younger than Eleanor but they~~
Am I to ~~tell~~ ask Papa or not? he said.
~~His~~ ~~told him then,~~ said Eleanor.
~~He was relieved.~~ After then — he said
~~He was~~ ~~He~~ He was a little awkward with her sisters
He had been away so much. He did not know
Exactly what they felt about things. Eleanor must be
Rose was fully. he was 41: ~~his~~ had happened to
~~fat~~ over Polly: Lots ~~of~~ things?
Them all: ~~But what?~~ ~~Had Rose~~ ~~fallen~~
~~Even her in love!~~ They ~~always~~ touched:
Sane ~~They~~
Yet he liked seeing them

She had changed very little. She would still have
same very direct blue eyes. She was freckled.
Only there was a bitter twitch in her lips,
as if she were ~~embittered~~ Ghastly
embellished? Happened?
married. & Eleanor, all three of them,
~~he thought, was~~
~~They must all have~~ And Eleanor? They must

He felt some hostility came in her: yet ~~+ yet~~

She was ~~a~~ had
have improved in
looks — She was
very

Bobby was ~~He~~
What did
Rose feel!
he wondered.
Rose was
wrapped up
in Cam —
Suffrage — so
on. He
all sorts of
things must
have happened

Had she
been in
love?

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have happened to them all. But it was impossible to discuss them. ~~But they all had something~~ in Common. He looked at the picture of his mother, in white, over the fireplace. He remembered the clove scented smell of her bed room. & how Eleanor ~~would say~~ How I ~~must go up & sit with mama~~ Jenny up & sit with mama; & She had never married because she had had to run the family. But Rose - ~~Rose~~ who was her own age. ~~Rose was a rather good looking~~ What had ~~Rose done with being all these years~~ happened to Rose! After all, Eleanor ~~looked after~~ ran the papa. What did Rose do? ~~Eleanor looked after papa.~~ He ought to go in & see papa now he was back. "Well, in for a moment perhaps before you go" Eleanor said when he proposed it. He sat down on the chair at the moment "the added. The two felt a little constrained. ~~If Bobby would not talk easily~~ The could ~~the could not talk easily~~ not discuss the things that mattered When Bobby came, they always talked family gossip. ~~Now if he would~~ But if he would go in & play a game with Papa, then she could run round to Merriam's to ~~Marcam van Rigby Buildings now~~ about the meeting ~~not~~ on Monday. Bobby "I'll. do now" said Bobby & got up. She swept up the newspaper Cuttings. He ~~laughed~~ ~~But where was the~~ ~~keeps them~~ I should throw them into the waste paper basket said Bobby. ~~One more~~ Eleanor felt lonely so they had to be kept.

We have a great deal in common, all the same, Eleanor thought as she walked down the drive. "The family ...

with Eleanor there, there could Rose he

"But, don't

on & I can

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June 22nd

"It's by no means a simple problem," said Elvira,
I grant you that. It's damnably difficult— Here you
have the King's speech: then
the Kings speech: In the centre end with
the Kings speech: 2 so, the
Countess speech: this for to be on.
What if the Queen the motion wrong by;
it's or It's position. Either it means to waste;
or after the King speech- now what!"
She turned the page, with a rabid gulp. Click.
Thank the very last they) showed have exploded!
the exclamation. Never mind: There may be a
reason for it: let me Hey Jove! what a
rush: You're washing it, you're washing it: no
on the whole) see what you're up to: but
you're playing a very risky game) may tell you:
unless indeed this passage is primarily written
for the stage. the lady that her eye.
You see, Maggie, the weston running her eye
down the page, this Right, what he's thanks he's
after. he thinks. Now it's go to That here,
he says to himself, Look here: Let's one this by that:
unpleasant as the church with he, he says — it is
a very violent affair - believe me, when)
tell you that the only remedy continuity
lies in variety the humdrum; action.
Possibly he's right On the other hand,)
showed repeat one little word - new words? -
a hour ? Not the word, the manuscript
with repeat, the rhythm: for otherwise,
I shall be inclined to change you write —
words. Lies. " the read on.
Her sister, Magdalena, came in with
a handful of knives & forks. The
was laying the table in their sitting
room for lunch. Elvira lady turned

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round. She watched her even while she went on reading. Maggie arranged the knives & fork & then brought in a ~~large~~ jug of water.

"That's all right" said Elvira.

"Well d'you think else?" said Maggie, stopping to look at the lunch table.

"Bread, mustard,... tumblers" she went into the kitchen & brought three tumblers

"Bread ~~mustard~~ butter, tumblers;" she began again. "What about a ~~vase of~~ flowers?"

~~Elvira looked at her sister laying the table~~ She fetched some flowers from a jar, just three in the middle the table. There were ~~three~~ two & two ~~kinds~~ different reds in the bunch & one white. Elvira watched the arrangement with growing interest.

"It ~~wouldn't be~~ absolutely lovely! perfect!" she claimed getting up. "Let's have both sets on the table. Come here Maggie. Now look! How they stood looking at the lunch table lovely. Now look! the wheeler-dealer. I say Maggie, ~~how~~ did you do it! The table, when I began to read was a mess, many & dirty plates, ~~knives~~ & knives, the one loaf ~~of~~ ~~bread~~ in its wrapper, ~~all~~ ~~in~~ ~~a~~ ~~heap~~ all at the same time, Maggie, you have got to remember that ~~Maggie~~ when you lay a table, it's important, in a sense, to remember that two people are not three." She laughed. Two people are not three," Maggie repeated. I mean, dazed in a rapture of Contemplation, pure & simple, you said to yourself, a triangle, what I wanted that I got a triangle breaks the hard angles and roundness: knives & rest, the flower in the middle you've shape

Catering,

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breathe more beautifully into life than ~~man~~ in the centre of a star. But in one sense, you were right; but then there's the other sense – which I'm more interested ~~at this moment~~ than you are: fact, ~~faith~~ fact" the wheelie. "Magic, that is, ~~there~~ are two ~~people~~: you in an ecstasy of contemplation ~~of mine and for~~ me, on the other hand, have paid for three."

"No: ~~too many~~ it doesn't do" said Maggie, taking out the leaf which she had put among the flowers ~~to type~~ "I told you Rose is ~~touching~~ here" she said at length. "We are three.

"You told me, ~~what~~?" said Elvira. "You told me – ~~Maggie told me~~. Elvira I told you last night she said; I told you in so many words: I said to you, ~~Rose~~ ? .. ~~Elvira told me~~ the wheelie said Maggie: Not a flower. Rose, ~~Jo~~. Parsley."

"O all damnable thing, ~~that you Rose~~, ~~is~~ said Elvira, – wanton cruelty, unprincipled & unwieldy ~~unwritten~~ law. which should be more binding than written law. ... ~~It a kind~~ of the vain & outrage – ~~It a kind~~ of murder, ~~It~~ the vain & whole days ~~what might have been happy~~ lives. ~~freedom~~ tearing with our speech a pure page – interrupting. ~~Contrary~~ ~~Elvira told~~ rendering ~~Jo~~ ~~was~~ ~~Elvira~~ ~~told~~ it. (There) ~~was~~ the afternoon. I was reading – I was finding out why the ~~was~~ break came there: I was ~~about~~ to laying fingers. Maggie, on one of the most ~~propound~~ ~~laws~~ of I was ~~reading~~ ~~upon~~ discovering what is the ~~mention~~ that ~~this~~ I was saying, now I ~~mention~~ why the ~~Bro~~

in some respects

which I admire & adore. ~~you have muddled~~ up the ~~truth~~ – fact, & ~~wrong~~ it was ~~read~~, was ~~which was~~ given to

because we only have one life

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after the boys shrank.

~~But she'll be here in four minutes, and Maggie~~
She tucked up her book & shut it violently into the shell.

There! she exclaimed. Now we ~~are going~~ are ~~ready for those boys~~: here's Rachel, here's Clara: here the cat, the dog & the dd in an old Clara boots: try which the replies: Hours John have Paul: & then, having dropped a glove, in a bed, ...

Rose, Rose Payle ... Yes ...

with Maggie, that ~~the kind~~ the way you think ~~women~~ there! That's the way you spend the ~~loveliest~~ time's gift, all because Maggie ... Why did you ask her, Maggie?"
~~She had with some momentary enthusiasm~~
She stopped. what d'ye think Rose will say?
She ~~stuttered~~ Rose might say almost
anything, she added: because, until this moment,
Rose, to me, was wholly non-existent.

Rose Payle who Maggie

Rose, Della, Nelly, Eleanor: said Maggie.
Mowser. Edward, & Bobby. Much ~~that~~ that I
shall alive. ~~But~~ Aunt Rose ~~was~~ said before we
were born. So the weather said, any day
next week: or any day next month. June.
Some are red; some are brown: &
The Payelen" she concluded.

Any day? well: two here: then never again

But Rose, Eleanor, continued: who is coming
to lunch, who is ~~already~~ already even now, from the
~~abyss~~ obscurity in which she has dwelt —
Rose! who? Rose! never heard of Rose —
but she's coming: the question is, about
this unknown woman who is coming to
lunch, dotage, tearing up a whole
~~life~~ time of happiness, — where's the rit? —
There! Yes, talking of her glove, she
with ~~it~~ down opposite the window. &
that the first day she'll say will be
Clemency! ~~I don't know~~ The ~~parting~~ London
I've never been here before: & which I shall

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In what moments fearless of undetected
unfortunately have you chosen to spend the
intolerable tedious hours undifferentiated days.
about forty a day I mean: were they have,
one wife which daughter; so that, after taking
off her gloves, which she lays side by side, there
there, by her plate. She has to fidget - nervously
I think I would be like Maggie to put her
hers, one there: in which case, she'll say to
kindly, when I last saw her, Elvira; putting the
flesh wrongly on the the i; because
She'll be shy, & she'll throw "the poor fish -
hump back" - upon which I shall cast my
eyes down: at the same time I shall feel,
what is the point of all this - of this trifling &
asperation - but I shall say to myself, Courage,
patient. You never know. I shall to myself,
what may turn up. But don't talk so
much. I shall say to myself. And I shall
make an effort - for instance to fetch the
potatoes from the oven: & I shall stand
behind her plate, listening for a moment to the
very freak that woman, whom I don't know:
whom the only woman, upon whom time &
an infinite number of trifles, - the dog dies
for instance. Rose, who is - deprived of the death of
a dog, in life has been largely absent in
tender - anemic gene kind & another,
huge a little plot. In a box in the dogs
Cemetery: & a little grave - a little, little grave."

Yes, little, little grave. Maggie repeated.
A little little grave, Maggie reiterated.
You took away the leaf; Elvira in
reflected;

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You said ... the leaf's green: that's not the same as
~~speaking~~ green's a colour: or is green not a colour,
~~Does it bring~~ suggest hope, & spring: & naked virgins on an
innocent kick? And you took away the leaf.
~~Why?~~
Because, ~~of course~~ I took away the leaf.
~~You took. of course I mean ..~~
~~But why.~~
I took away because, ~~Girls~~ obviously. ~~When I took~~
~~look at that~~ web ~~obviously~~ ..
Not thinking of death. not thinking of youth:
you didn't think of passionate spent women,
~~women~~ who have lowered the fertile ~~their~~
No, no ~~no~~". Maggie interrupted. Come
here ~~trench~~. Now look .. ~~there~~ if you just ~~to~~
~~green~~ ~~leaf~~ in ~~the middle of flowers~~ .. with led a
Yes. (at when) ran my eye down that
pathway to the central small explosion ..
time the air rang & echoed ~~the~~
~~of course, it might be more interesting~~ ~~the~~
the very cautiously altered the position ~~of the~~
flowers again.
~~That of a mother~~! Elvira exclaimed, pressing hers.
A ~~miracle. I showed my~~ with that there
should be flowers, the ~~we~~ claimed, ourselves:
~~to be them~~ ~~yet ourselves~~ to that at some
point we become not ourselves. but ~~other~~
last flowers, & not to know where the
darkness comes, or why,
"Obviously not"
A bell rang down stairs.
Elvira held up her hand, as ~~if to silence it~~
ward it off.
~~But at what point~~; You must be
~~exclaimed that those~~ ~~was~~ the same,
final point: ~~some~~ of recognition; keeping.
"Rose." Maggie whispered. The bell had

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rung a second time. There
Oh maggie, maggie. Elvira heard drawing her left
up over her left: Here the comes. This
This is the humiliation, this is the destruction,
this is the end, unnecessary torture —
Elvira hissed: Why ask her
"One knows: two at most" said Maggie:
Yet it were two, or three, or even two; you
might comprehend anybody can take one knee.
Indeed, there's no chance."
But Maggie dear, don't you see — the woman,
we don't know this woman: she comes
heavily through the air: accurately for what
reason!: deliberately: ugly: heavily all over
her: without any air of freedom, merely
ugly, lumpish lumpish lumpish: romethy
like that: This is not
she comes up, & up, & up:
steadily behind her, purposes, a macintosh coat: & a
parcel: & this
D'you know Maggie: she holds many more
moments of life like this: more torture: ?
She gasped her sister's hand.
Any number, I should say" Maggie
replied, gently
Hullo Rose, she said, very forced, as
Rose came in How d'you do!

But Maggie, don't you see: just as we are
beginning to grasp — to understand —
there comes this woman heavily through the
air to destroy the communion.
I don't mean" she added, stretching, left
hotting from coat to coat. Like a bird

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so that she looked more than ever like a dishevelled bird, Life hold - the footlights were at the door - many more moments - the handle turned - of such unbearable agony - she added in one breath.

"Nonsense" said Maggie.

"Hullo "Rose" she said jerking forward, as Rose came in. "How d'you do?"

"It an age since we met" said Rose, shaking hands. Indeed, she had lifted out of seeing them: they had hardly met since Maggie & Elvira were children. The room seemed to her very bare, & rather hopelessly Victorian. There was a cabinet which however when she remembered it there all Browne first home. And then she looked out of the window, at the factory chimneys & roofs & the Hospital; which for, looking over cheap houses, her cousins had found one, across waterless Bleeds, an unfashionable reach of the river. "That stood in the drawing room didn't it" she said returning to the cabinet. The was very shy And then was in the kitchen." said Maggie. Drawing after a chair touching a chair And that flaw working flaw - Rose continued That working flaw, said Elvira: "is that the flaw mama was working in when she died. What a mama was working in when she died. She had just put a flower in her dress to go to a party ...." She stopped. At the mention of death, Rose's face had grown a look a spasm crossed Rose's face. Elvira stopped

Fetch the tea; shall we have tea

And turn the gas down. but not out ...

You like this painting Landen?" Rose said

Can't mind you don't find it too far - that's behind

From so far not far" - said Maggie.

I mean what Maggie means is, said Elvira,

Kate wept, like hay-sheaves crumbled,

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& maids ; Nellie.

Here the men [illegible] on the other hand [illegible]
the residential quarter of London -
Streets & streets of [illegible] houses, little flights of steps :
& a woman always always scrubbing ; we hate them "
~~The working street we live in~~ "said Rose.
~~Edwardian Terrace, where we live~~ " said Rose.
The bustled slightly, your fun. " said Maggie.
"I remember ~~you telling me~~ ~~you~~ ~~come in~~ ~~the~~ very long room :
Years & years ago. a picture of
& ~~there~~ a tree at the end ; ~~a~~ a picture of
woman in white . . .
Oh mama, when we were young " said Rose.
And there a table in the middle " " There
We all just the same now " said Rose. " There
was a table ; there the picture ; & there the bath chairs
where ~~Bobbie~~ I . . . "
~~What did you do in the bath chairs & then~~
And Eleanor, having eaten
cakes.
The table was out in
And then what happened ? said Eleanor.
The door opens & in comes - ! "
~~with the Tea Cakes.~~ " Rose laughs.
Crosby ~~has been~~ with us for almost forty years "
But then Rose, said Eleanor, looking at her
Cousin, you must have been just a child :
when you must have been a little girl "
Hawkins pink freckled hand
You are not round the table, " said Eleanor :
There the picture : there the window : " said
a very old woman, handing plates. "
Eleanor. Yes. well then, when you were
just a small child too, in pink, with
Hawkins, you must stocking and
Come in. I suppose, I see them all sitting
round & think . . .
I ~~would rather a solitary little girl.~~ " said
Rose. I mean the youngest : Bobby was

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was my friend - Isabel he want to school. But that's
Ever so long ago - ~~thirty years~~
~~That too poorly~~. But tell us the story - and then.
The last he had altogether in her evening
the day! ~~But~~ I was only that I used to come down
to Granny room tea when I was about ten: &
And then!"
Rue hesitated.
~~How John? she asked~~ ~~He is Ashtown Land, she~~
said. Get some more the potatoes" said Maggie:
Elvera use to fetch them. The women then had
no servant, Rue concluded. She asked Maggie,
Do you cook this delicious meal yourselves?"
We have a woman who comes in from 8 to 12:
& then she comes in from 3 to 6: & then she
comes ~~8 to ten 10~~: or she stays away for two,
~~Libby stairs~~ Granny: sometimes she comes all
bruised: & she says: but ~~what's the point~~ why Rue,
said Elvera, & my lips up. We were at tea in
Aberdeen Terrace: & the door opened, & in came
Rue, a tube of fat girl in a white frock...
Rue always dressed in pink" said Maggie
A chalky pink
which stood out round her: & she was
fierce.
Very fierce" said Rue. I had the devil's own
temper. I can remember, when Bobby
shut me out of the school room;
slamming the bathroom door, & Daisy my
head against the wall.
You're not like what I thought.

NYPL

nothing But then
was my friend - until he went to school. But that's
Ever so long ago — ~~thirty years~~
~~Not too poorly~~. But tell us the story. said Elva.
The last he had affectionately on her cousin's
the story! ~~But~~ I was only that I used to come down
to dinner room tea when I was about ten: &..
And then!"
Rue hesitated.
~~How John," she asked~~ ~~This is between friends, the~~
said Let us ~~more~~ the potatoes" said Maggie:
Elva rose to fetch them. The cousin then had
no servant, Rue concluded. She asked Maggie,
"Do you cook this delicious meal yourselves?"
"We have a woman who comes in from 8 to 12:
& then she comes in from 3 to 6: & then she
comes 8 to ~~Ten~~ 10: or she stays away for two,
~~Libby stays~~ Granny: sometimes the cousin call
bruised: & the rap: but ~~what's the matter~~ why Rue,
said Elva: & my hip up. we were at tea &
Rue, a little g girl clean in a white frock...
Rue always dressed in pink" said Maggie
A chalky pink.
which stood out round her: & she was
fierce.
"Very fierce" said Rue. I had the devil's own
temper. I can remember, when Bobby
Hutton out of the school room;
slamming the bathroom door: Daisy my
head. against the wall.

You are not like what I thought.

NYPL

Elvira got up & went to fetch the potatoes.
'Will you have a potato?' she asked. & laughed.
'I was thinking to myself before you came,' she said,
'She'll have grey hair & something humble in what
might be called a bonnet. I was thinking,
Put her with her back to the light — but you're facing it:
so that she'll look at me — facing the light — Oh and
but I'm not facing the light — & say Poor wretch.
Twisted & malformed from birth. what a career of
misery lies — et cetera: whereas, that was the
I'm right," said Rose. sketch you see:
what you
Rose said with
"Because you are very nice worthy Rose: & well dressed; head
in clothes which I daresay for clothes that are
Cut like that following the ripple of the arm
like a horse's skin, you have to go to
Bond Street & summon the head tailor ...?' said she.
want to Rose's Uncle Abel?' said Maggie.
They cost five pound ten; I put that
I forgot them. about two years ago,
You want to know
Knew, said in Westbourne Grove ..." She helped herself to
Rose, potatoes "Yes, I knock about, in trams, in
Then said omnibuses" she added. "I'm a part of
Rose the Purple Emperor, Judge."
patting her
skin — Maggie
I mean the shadow you're wrong.
But you're wrong
Sadly upon the rose ... But you're wrong.
People meeting like them, suddenly, naturally
so many they're all, too are you? but Aunt
have Naturally meeting like them. and sadly
violently, we're all wrong. Why did you
wish to come here?
I thought the money
at a committee. Elvira asked.
Because I hate mysterious the word?" asked Elvira.
you're the devil's own temper." said Elvira.

NYPL

"If my brother Bobby might tell you" said Rose
wrinkling up her nose.
when you were shut in the bathroom, what did
you do?'
"I banged my head against the wall."
Let's keep Uncle Jean" said Elvira.
Now, at the day before yesterday: 'you met Maggie-
Rose was ~~standing at the corner~~ waiting at a bus in Piccadilly:
wasn't: that's how it happened.
~~I was going to a meeting~~ I knew Maggie:
Not a bloody, you said to you: a purple
turban.
I saw a girl in a large hat whom I
thought I knew.
And you remembered!
I felt ~~felt~~ simply felt – the hesitated.
affection? Love, curiously? ~~did you~~ t
Had you any feeling that you can hate a man &
something direct, overpowering: or even a
mere dubious fickle & stormy: or even a
muddy to which you could put no name.
But nevermind. You said last here – 'that's a
Common sense: I remember you said.
Because ash a feeling, which they say
like the violent collision, instantly heaven knew
what rapture – because, I was ready a hundred
when the bell rang. Heaven I said
then Rose read Maggie and I felt, But
A whole page of type is rent a cross.
D'you know, during the past few months,
was a pressure has been rising in my mind, as
woman, whom in a circle, that's a
blue chest; & so on; a resolute, rather
dagged woman; only she's very shy; she's
Keeping hands to herself, she & fingers busy
in a pocket where the hand to test the glove,
tapper. like an old ram, She's a

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complex & difficult problem. ~~How's Uncle Abel?~~

~~How beautiful~~ "said Elvira: That ~~gives the reality of~~ ~~day. Now I begin to understand.~~ explains it" ~~said~~ Elvira. ~~There was a certain beauty~~ when I heard you were coming I felt ~~There~~ the whole past torn across. But now — And ~~after~~ Bobby went to school, what happened ~~to you~~?"

"I went to college. But only after a row. ~~And~~ ~~how~~ Uncle ~~Able~~ Abel?" Maggie asked.

"The man who has only three fingers on one hand" said Elvira: Like ~~the~~ knobs, horrible. ~~Papa~~ The way ~~he~~ ~~wrangled~~ he cut them in the Indian Mutiny" said Rex.

"The Indian Mutiny, Maggie; was a rising of natives: ~~Greedy~~ ~~enough~~ the last that there Cartridges were greased with cow's fat. Must so that Rex. You must ~~not~~ ~~mind~~ it ~~up~~ with the Black hole of Calcutta or with the Boer War for the matter of that. There was a row with that very ~~fat~~ cave. ~~rather~~ red faced, but in some way amiable old man? ~~I always preferred him to my own father~~" she added. ~~whom~~ you hated?" she said

"I ~~don't hate papa~~" said Rex. I let I never hated papa. I was very proud of him. I am still, I think. In a way, I am very fond of him. Let's take our coffee over to the armchairs, Discuss our father" said Elvira: The ~~Then~~ hung ~~hung~~ down on the sofa & Maggie & Rex sat in the low wicker chairs We hated our father said ~~Maggie~~ Elvira.

May I take off my hat —

NYPL

one can dislike one's father — why not? I can. I hates my father."

"No Elvira; no," said Rose, putting up her hand. "I did. I hated him. A very handsome man, arranging a lovely wood in the looking glass in the hall."

"You can't say you hate your father," said Rose, cheated.

"Oh all right then," said Elvira. "I loved Eleanor Mowser — if I must say I hated my father." — "She took down a book from the shelf.

"It's a lovely view," said New Maggie," she added, as if watching her sister to see if she was pleased.

"We were very much the same before you came," said Maggie. Eleanor Mowser. Eleanor Molly Edward: but there one I've forgotten. Debia," said Rose.

"We married just the other day an Irishman. Oh Debia ... Mowser ... Molly ... Edward is a Don. Molly ... well then, Mowser is a heretic — Mowser will soon be a Jude," said he. "They say it. And Edward's a Don. Rather a well known Oxford Don. Milly married a man called Jebbs: 'Debia ... such, rather to our surprise, Debia, when she was over forty, married an Irishman, a painter.'"

"married an Irishman, a painter," said Elvira cheated. "Go on for ever Rose, the married; telling the story the Papeliers. It's wonderful, the story of the Papeliers. It's an ordinary ordinary English family," he is a particularly two ordinary. I remember their," said Rose.

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three brothers. Tom Sutton, a Cathie & Mother,
living in Aberlour Terrace, managing & not managing
as the case may be — ~~what's their occupation?~~
"And the dear old Mrs Comyn Crosby, Carrying the hot
Cake. And Bobby bring his pond home: & they that
Rose out: & then the Dud: & Molly marries a man
Called Gillies; & Mona becomes a Judge: & Eleanor
grows out tea. ~~And all in the same hour.~~
Like a little caravan, moving on Shoulders
Great: & still marching. It seems to me very
majestic, very solemn:" And Delia married a
painter or Frenchman" she added. Leonard
"Delia ~~they~~ had a passion for the Bench" said Rose.
She ~~was~~ would have liked to be a musician:
Just as I should have liked to be a lawyer.
And you two?" She added. ~~Now that you're~~
~~at your ease~~ — what are you going to be when you're grown up?
Well said Eleanor, ~~very much again~~ That's a very
interesting question. Maggie existence said Eleanor.
And would be interesting. & Mr had listened.
But look at Maggie: She's not listening. Just
because there's an hyacinth roll on the table. & a
hot ray flower — Maggie has ~~turned~~ all this
time; Climbing all this time, higher & higher,
~~until she's now in a roseberry raspberry~~
~~the yellow Crocus is a field~~ now the hazel
like a tree on the
~~I was thinking~~ Maggie shouted.
~~You were talking about~~
But what: said Maggie:
We were talking about all sorts of things" said
Eleanor, rebukingly. For we Rose says
one mustn't say one hates one's father: one
mustn't tell the truth about anything. why not?
Says: because, says Rose, the bloom of the
family the conkerness & Aberlour Terrace
& the round tea table: & the maid

Maggie ~~went~~ is the other.

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in a rage

all behind when he, the rag; or rather upon a hand of
fun became, when: whereupon he bore to be mad
& let the people cram the dust; a little caress.
him a kick, here an & hyena: & the star.
This I think is all life taking its way from be
from the end stone: a young universe feels no
helpless-ness, tenacious as they are. But
where d'you think you are, Rou! The rag noisy.
and asks me, the identically the same question.
Magdalene, Elvira, the rag, where d'you
think you are, what d'you think you're doing.
And Maggie, in dreamy amongst the star.
I was thinking that Rou- that Rou" said
Maggie, hesitating; again Go on, Hamb, with her
back to the light; "And the Chimney."
I was then Laughed

Yes, go-
It very impressive" said Elvira. "I can't sit
Nonsense" said Rou, jumping up
here" he looked at him the most ordinary
looking person in the whole world "she said.
She reddened, putting her hands to her hat.
"Take it off" said Maggie Yes. That
was fine" she said.
It very fine, she said, as a, as a-
"Very fine" Elvira
said, But as a composition "that Rou" she
looked at her. There are all sorts of wonders, ah.
They are that never know: Perhaps fuses
Perhaps waves: And I do very likely! in a fog.
not knowing. But you were saying, Rou,
that what the devil are you doing here.
you too three women in the prime of life: wh-
Ha fingers. Her face: & Maggie a fine woman:
thought Elvira, Laughed long seem to me

NYPL

a chattery humbug: a ~~chattering~~ dismal humbug: a chattering humbug back: a mass of affectation & lies: ~~well~~.

You're very like your mother. I was thinking" said Ron. ~~At first~~ the mind to take two. But in our family—

"You say good morning, good night, Pass the butter. Leaving out. I put in. Another form of legacy that all- But you were saying Ron. before we indulged in this ~~Hows Papa! Hows John?~~ ~~How the old man~~ ~~the~~ twitter of interrogation— time then moreover—? rear you look at the clock— but to fast, how- hours fast." She hurled Ron down into her Chair again— you were saying something she most profound interest to all thinking ~~men & women.~~ ~~What is the aim of life?~~ why do you live? ~~that~~ do you do? ~~Ann~~ you began. "My aim is life is—"

Ron sat silent with her bag on her knee. "I don't want to myself like that. One, two, three, four, five" Elvira would. You don't talk, I shall" she began. Ron hates music" said Maggie suddenly. ~~You're only going to look at her~~. Obviously. "I don't want to— get on a high horse" said Ron. But you find, she looked at Maggie— you have no feeling;— the sort of up, looked out the window. "I don't think I could live in a slum like this— in front of a public house— without feeling, in a very loud rout of way— when a Weep all public houses all the face shi- Look ~~at~~ poor flowery pen intend them" said Elvira:

Look at those wretched little children" said Ron. looking down into the street.

Stop them, then" said Maggie. Stop them having children."

"But you can't" said Ron.

NYPL

(Confetti, Japanese old dutch Custom)

Oh nonsense, my dear Rose" said Elvira. what do
is this! You sing a lick in Harley Street Sir John
at home! Yes Hop the way ma'am. Now Sir John,
you say, Carry you Eye the way, that way,
the fact is the matter, my husband" whereupon he
blush: Most madrigalian, most madcaptain, he
Yes the welfare the human race - salubrious pursuit
inhuit - dear Rose words on happy thursday paper.
A top. Out you go - Well. that's Master down
what) mean is, in plain language, if that woman
says she want have a child, she want a child,
Master doesn't have a child; do you Master.
As for myself, if Master, in myself, rather than
given a black, of memosa. should see sleeping in his
Dabbles shadow the figure of a naked human,
should fall with one cry into his arms;"
wealthy and native island, about, under the leaves,
bearing the burden gan unwedded maid,
he wouldn't have children of your debut was
them" said Master
You wouldn't be allowed day that in time, in general;
public" said Rose: you can say that here. You can't say
these blushed. Well you can't say these
these things in public. You can't the rain

Bosh what an Elvira would you
have in! Gloom exclaimed taking her
No you don't go" said Elvira, you don't go, leave us
hag: - hordes it:
myself
But I have an appointment at three said
Rose.
Gods, I think it's a very odd world you live in"
said Master.
You can't say a common crime they like that"
said Master.
It's against the law" said Rose.
What Law? said Elvira.
The Law of England" Gloom said Rose.

NYPL

I have an appointment" She repeated trying to
regain her bag.
"It seems to me you live in a very odd world" said
Elveria. "I have an appointment" She imitated her.
And then three blushes: one: I hate my father. Blush.
Two: I want have a child. Blush.
Three: It's too weird that we are now
living in England: in the year 1910?. You
Do you realise that-
must
You must through to three, on the 15th Jun, 1910
said Elveria: and you Rose Payden are about to
keep an appointment - Come along then"
She pushed up. "I'll go with you." She
where are you going? I'll just on myself."
wait a moment.
Ran out of the room. "I may be a few minutes"
Elveria: Let the same stupid Rose:
"You don't; no" said Rose. "But don't tell her that
woman down there young Mr Hanley that with
three fiancés?"
"Well then, publish it in the Times" said
Elveria. Take half a sheet of notepaper. Begin
Sir: or Dear Sir, as the case may be:
"Do you never take anything seriously Elveria?" said
Rose. - It against the law."
What Law?
The Law of England. You don't seem to realise
that we live in England:
You can't say these things in public. It
against the law." She took
"No you don't go" said Elveria taking her bag
& holding it:
"But I have an appointment" said Rose.
Going on in a state of hysterical abandon about the
Laws of England -

Elveria blushed furiously: when we have blush, do we happen: we don't blush at all.

You don't

NYPL

"D'you take nothing seriously Elvira?" said Rose trying to take her bag.

And it's the year 1910" said Rose.

"I'll go well if you must do so, said Elvira, jumping up. "I'll go with you. I'll just carry that" She ran out of the room.

It's a very odd law" said Maggie. "Come to think of it."

But Betsy dear Maggie, said Rose, you read the Parisian Institute. Even if you never went to school, you must

You never went to school? said Rose.

You had no education whatever" said Maggie. You have that Provencal Classic!"

Oh a classic was there but not a governess. No, never. We're very not Betsy educated, she added. Elvira thinks unedicated I should say.

Always up with my books, now again. Hands off comes. Read

"Unpack me, said Elvira, coming in again, while I was putting on my hat, that the whole question is to ask you Rose, one more question: if you don't mind: apres all, why d'you come to Lunch if you do: then: about Chantilly: what's Chantilly? it! Relative above Chantilly, I saw you blush. That's odd I thought to myself. I was Poppy Maggie wore a wedding ring. You remember perhaps the little scene! New: Maggie, a? for the world what's lying asleep one day on a hill top, fast by the fire, coiled under the above tree: but not enough to danger us in her arms. I come to Maggie ... putting it picturesquely for the sake of (Thatis euphemism) you say, from that moment my dear Cosmo, I felt contaminated by the mere

NYP

NYPL

Coach as your robes?

We mean, if we were not virgins, would you mind! What's the use of weathering up in Cayenne Heath?

Of course I should mind" said Rose.

It's an instinct

"I should mind very much" said Rose.

That's what I said" said Maggie triumphantly.

We were arguing with some people the other night" Elvira explained. I said Charity is merely

And I said, I said, I said, what I said was,

Really? said Maggie slowly?

at least ... she hesitated.

But look at us now said Maggie. "One is a virgin: the other is not. And which is which?"

I don't think you know" Elvira concluded.

I don't think human nature works: Maggie

It's a damned lie" she added. That's one

What we were hoping was that nature had

That It's all a damned lie: we had an

Aunt who said, This Charity about like a

beagle when's the hare: I see the other way.

The whole pack at fault. What they

Call nature — that's a lie. And yet

when a lie has New Rose ... which is which."

I think it's a very difficult question" said Rose at

Last. As we were brought up ...

In Aberleen Terrace, sitting round the

tea table.

Let her talk. Hush said Maggie.

Well that's just it" said Rose.

NYPL

we weren't allowed even to do anything.

Whole tracts of London were laid desolate from dusk to dawn because the male - Vine read about it in a book - the Lady said the rat at the window all a summer day pestering her Charley."

We hadn't got a barouche landau" said Ron.

And so you went out alone" said Elvira.

That's what I like about Ron!" she exclaimed.

Tell her not to do a thing," she always goes & does it. A very fine family, the Papillons," Ron went on: managing though the plant.

but I wouldn't allow a lady I did" said Ron. "

Child genius to do it."

Ron talk as if these things weren't

Complicated. But they are tremendously.

"Do you know Elvira know the difference

between fact & fiction?," said Ron.

"He doesn't seem to me" she added, to know one from

the other. between fact & fiction. Things are much

more complicated. The laughs, when, as a matter of

fact, - I wouldn't let a child often do anything

new. she said. Hardly that

Yes of course, that way invented, said Maggie:

about Hardly that: And of course, but there's no point

less at the same time, but there, some

talk in what she says: a here & there - & a

one need not listen."

But yes Yes Maggie, things are much

more difficult - more complicated. Yes

Can't one start up in one's mood. A

child ..." she hesitated

"That wasn't altogether fair" said

Elvira, coming back carrying a pair of

shoes. when we stood up before Je-

NYPL

I said was a rogue the other night which? because,
a humpback ...'

You're only slightly, very slightly crooked: you
Ros you will boast." Maggie interjected.
Cathy
a slightly, a very slightly crooked woman as the
plain woman, – that you can't deny – I'm plain,
like a unsymmetrical, without the
currency. Theory. Face of that – the
normal other rule – this plain woman
speaker: the wealth over Walter Bridge: nobody
Can't see the way: whereas Beauty.
well, beauties bound to be a problem:
Maggie thinks; if one can, has fallen, Ros;
to discover Maggie, that's all: love to be a
Beauty pours thro the sheets draws love to her
like sophie, dancing in the corn; & the red
sophie, in the meadow golden corn –
A woman once told me, the was beautiful. Yes,
very, that walking thro London, just walking
thro London, was to her the friend to help,
release the eyes: & when the sun to
Regents Park on a fine summer day,
I resolved to have an ice, at a table, under a
tree, drawing the flower etc – such. the said
I invited you. Eleven, time to return:
Now the stood
She was pulling on her shoes.
up ready friend.

No I don't think you can.' said Hatchby
Maggie: but not if you say Ros.'
You like: "
She turned Eleven round, looking at her
clothes: not so old shabby that you'll glean.
but man on a Coat ... " She
Even a another hat & another
Came back with Coat & dressed her skirt. yes
That hobble. Certainly' said Ros.

Eyes eyes
Can laugh
Every leaf
like the
Darts glen
yes'
To call an ice
was for that
woman
impossible.
& the ice
melted,
Contacts
under her
Maggie
Glow
marvellous
a regret

NY.

NYPL

Even a
~~Would~~ would the man on the cart say?" said Elvira.
"I'll tell you at tea time" said Maggie
Now putting money in their purses, & ~~drew~~
blowing on the blades of their swords ~~that they~~
~~were sharp~~, the little Company, the fortune hunters,
set forth on their adventure. Come along
Rose. No dallying again in the
Garden Cafe: on your fathers: to home, away."
Good bye Rose, said Maggie
You mustn't listen" she added.
What Maggie you do say! said Rose
"You tell yourself stories, just as I used to
when I was a child" said Rose
I used to pretend that I was ~~telling~~, riding alone
with a message ~~to a besieged garrison~~.
a besieged garrison.
~~And did you believe it?~~
I was always playing ~~Elvira~~ James, Elvira. And you don't
~~I was only a game~~
~~So am I said Elvira~~
still though you've grown up."
~~And~~ ~~I shall call them James~~ "said Elvira.
Did you deliver the message said Elvira.
~~Oh yes, yes~~ But only I must call them James.
And Maggie — what's she going to do?" Rose asked.
Oh she'll clear away the lunch: & then she'll
talk to Mrs Payne, & then she'll take a
bag: & what shall we have for dinner today
She'll say. Asparagus is over. Strawberries are
in: & we'll have fish, turbot. & strawberries
cream. So she'll put on her hat,
inhale the May heat, & straw the black with
the rose, & so along that street, down there —

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the horrid to the market. You know how women
hand pinching meat in them fingers. And
heavy cheese and lettuce, a cabbage. Maggie with my
Comforter letters &c. I don't know how many
Coffees; Kathy her eye fixed & come on the cabbage:
which done, & thankful to hurry, That a blessing,
instead of coming home, She will say to Kathy,
wander down an alley & peat haunches:
red, where meat hanging from iron
hooks.. & so on, hasten into the back streets,
the like fish smelly streets, where they let
rooms you know. There are cards in the windows:
Lace Curtains: well, fancy them, with a flame,
because you can't be sure what you might re-
the Inquisition brings, dubious. Unfurnished;
very Unlikely: any instance a steamy hole,
pink with violet lights. She goes to her friend,
because Maggie says she can't talk to people
unless they're doing something: Carpentering;
sewing: the rage the likes people doing things:
Then they don't notice if you're dressed or not;
& then man - he's a young man, working
for his father. but may have a shop of his own after
Can get the money - he's making a
Cupboard: well, there he is, in the side street,
with his plane: & the wood shavings -
& you tuck them up they curl back in it's
fingers: She tucks them up: the stand
there, & the shavings curl all the
light yellow blank: often having
brooded over three twenty minutes,
& the man's back stooping, & the
muscles & the hollows, the stern
husbands loves lonely in the particles:
Can't find the way to ask the: so

NYPL

Maggie
remarks. ~~Nathan~~ That fault is more than
two words & then the stops. Finish your sentence
Tray. But the goes outside the room. The
man will say ... Here the leaves it. And
if you begin a sentence, May French ch. the
Tray. You can't say as they. Do they teach
Tray, as that Rose: Maggie that fault -
He begins to utter a sentence. And then the stops.
That a man on a cart would say ....
There! Suspended over the abyss. it hangs.
And the goes & buys a cabbage.
~~Nathan never the fish to be bought.~~ That's what
Maggie rich do.
But you know Maggie that fault" she said,
running her arm through Rose's: ~~in this~~.
"The man on a cart will say" & "he'll begin
And then you may wait six months", & "he won't
~~End that sentence~~."
but he won't finish the sentence"
They had reached Waterloo Bridge now & Rose
stopped. ~~Nowon already~~ a quarter to two.
~~Nowon abt~~ She looked at her watch
The bridge was crowded. ~~the traffic~~ It was like a
jungle. The person which, instead of unsnarling
looked, unfortunately, make up the pattern.
& ~~then~~ for a moment, form a new one.
& break it up again.
Which would be quicker? she said to herself,
to walk or to take a bus? "Probably it was
quicker to walk. She started, & a great pain
"Reding alone, riding through the street —"
Elvira murmurs. ~~Nathan what you~~
~~had to say. And then~~ And you said —

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And your horse dropped dead, Rose, as you flung
yourself into safety."

They were parted by the crowd
But you had delivered your message to the
besieged Sarrazoni" the Elveria continued, when
they came together again. "It was a splendid
adventure, Rose!"

"It was only a game!" said Rose. I was as pretending
easily pretended) was Papelon & Papelon home...
And I was pretending, said Elveria. to be the
Sarrazoni: we looked at the one chink in the
tower: all the rest were blocked with sand bags
And we saw nothing nothing but the desert
stretching for miles round: & then ~~from~~ a
puff of dust on the horizon: & I cried.
help help: & ~~we all looked to the window~~
& there you were, today."

But look here, said Rose, there must be a
distinction between what's true, & what's untrue.
Let's look into this such a moment talk about
it" said Elveria "The man who built
Waterloo Bridge ~~had that in his head~~ said Let
people stop, he said, when he looked out this
little balcony, & consider the nature of truth.
All
That's ~~those St Pauls, Rose~~.
St Paul's yes. St Olaves. St Clements.
the city churches" said Rose, looking at the
arches which churches on the bank on the river
blazing in the sun

And Rose, putting on her gloves, as the
bells are ringing, & tying her hair, which
must be flat, another warp of the comb,
says well I'm going to church, Papa as
usual, maybe as a matter of fact I don't

NYPL

believe in it. but then my papa likes it, & Grandpapa was a Bishop. "~~I'm telling the story~~ ~~as you like Rose, & not to~~ Is that true Rose?
I do go to Church: yes: said Rose. sometimes.
~~Between ourselves~~ Suppose so. But we're going to be very late."

They stood in a bay of the Bridge looking at the melting globe of St Pauls; & at the ash coloured City churches.

"You say there's a difference between fact & fiction" said Elvira. "But how would you explain it ~~to~~ Rose explain Rose
But I don't altogether see where the division comes —
"But we can't discuss that now" said Rose. "I'm late as
now. Come, if you're coming"
"One moment Rose. Let's feast our eyes on the beauty of the world; on the tramps: splendour of the world:" she turned & looked the other way up to wards Westminster. And then you want an answer the first question, just for a moment consider how you'd put that in a very few words — the flowers & the water & a woman shall we say, — or rather, not to suppose by a woman that's what we say, — that woman there." An elderly woman, of the Charwoman class had stopped, put down her basket of flowers, & was casting a rather surly & lugubrious look at the Thames.
"What does she see now?"
Nothing I should think, except that this pot to beg that basket at the way up to Holborn perhaps.
"Flood & bitter waters" then "drown me in your mud, wash me with the cats & the dogs & the offal; wash me out to sea, & my bone grow to coral, & pearls light their green lanterns in my eyes — ~~& sweet as they?~~ The rest of it, Rose!"

Rose said

Rose? where does she come?

NYPL

I don't think she'd say quite that.

No, no no, said Rose. ~~She had to~~ Give her two romantic, much too romantic: "She walked on ~~suicidly~~ quickly to the edge of Waterloo Place. "We left our hearts here" she said. "Not that one; nor that one." She restrained Elvira. "This one that's coming now."

They got into the bus; ~~separated again, for the bus was almost full of people.~~ It swerved & plunged, plunging it ~~took its way~~ started off, Rose dropping into one seat, Elvira into another, for ~~it was almost full.~~ precluding fact was almost full as passengers.

"Two to Holborn" said Rose, taking the tickets.

Justin Dean hoping "I'd say Mayfair" said Elvira: because on a day like this, a day of Wimbledon beauty, we ought to sit in Hyde Park: we ought to take green chairs, under a tree, watch beautiful homes: girls with a beautiful men, women, coming sauntering, & leaning on the railing; & the lucky & dogs barking. & children lucky boats: & everything Dresdeny; young again; & until you know you, one learn back to say ~~& the band coming~~ dog barking & the band playing

~~Stay~~ stay. as you like it: vanishing, this is, in its way, perfect joy

But I don't ~~think~~ I'd feel that about Hyde Park," ~~in the mid~~ said Rose; "in the ~~London season.~~" in the season. I don't like mid I want to be in the country".

Sitting on a ~~bus~~ kicking your heels. after a ten mile walk.

Look how far we've got Now you don't mind ten miles walk.

NYPL

And d'ye have a plan, Rose, except under a hedge & say
that's a Liskin?"

Yes & I bring home lots of little flowers — I'm a
~~regular English Activity~~.

Let's get out here, if you don't mind ten minutes
walk" said Rose. when the bus stopped. "This is
the way Blake" she said. "through the square" she said
Elvira walked by her side in silence.
What were we talking about?" said Rose.
Elvira only murmured, vaguely.
They walked in silence. This is the square.
Now after her. "This is where we're going"
Here's alley into a square. "said Rose, as last they down an
Elvira woke up & clutched her arm.
What are you here" she said in some agitation.
But I want you to meet Diana: Bobby: Isabel
Delia may be there. The Parsons, ~~they're so nobody~~."
we were dreaming at lunch."
not in the flesh" said Elvira. ~~And~~
They're very ordinary people" said Rose. And it
would amuse you. A committee meeting."
held Elvira fast by the hand.
Please let me do." Rose!" cried Elvira.
No, no said Rose you come in. ~~& listen for~~
for one moment. & you could sit in a
back room & read a book."
Oh Rose how you disturb the very fabric of my
life. I said to Rose. This form of address:
like that" she made the gesture of tearing
~~some fabric or~~ a thin action. Matthew had
said when they heard you coming upstairs:
when ~~we heard~~ the bell rang, just as we
were laying hands. Maggie?" I whom —
what were we thinking now?" — to
harmonize her, Rose ~~let~~ allowed her to
draw her past the door the room.

NYPL

virgins dancing on a green hill top:

her were thinking something bright pretty interesting: of the
utmost importance: Now there was a flash of
flowers. & Master had taken a hat, a feather: &
then he'd taken it out again; & I'd said to Master
something about virgins dancing on a green hill top
~~where upon he said~~ - no, not yet, Rose, not yet, - he
drawled he or: & Master ~~said~~; & was about to say
I can assure you Rose this is true - something
~~very remarkable~~: something, to ~~you~~ know what was
~~Rose, always: it fascinating~~ which you'd
read it altogether at one sentence - but
Master never Master been sentence
hangs like rainbow - broken arches with only
one foot on earth - no Rose, one more turn. I
beg again: ~~He said~~ ~~pretty pretty~~ & I so
pretty, I go on hands & knees pretty,
in fact that was what I was but just now in
the street; when for some brutal & horrible
reason you touched my arm, & again broke up, ...
was to lay hands on the back yourself: planting
it down firmly.

But Elvira, said Rose, plotting firmly at the door
of the house; this all; You must think me an
~~awful~~ ass - the

My dear Rose, Elvira exclaimed ~~I mean it too~~ as we ~~regular Master~~
went back to the light. Look at Rose
~~Let us~~ ~~I mean you to say~~. we are in the flesh."
~~Let us~~ ~~I mean you to say~~. we are in the flesh."
Yes. & So let us sound a table, ~~& have tablets~~
bits of plotting paper: & understand, and
the women at the top of the table:
Ursula a bell. & charge. Ladies & ~~Gentlemen~~ -
Gentlemen, the business before us to-day is -
whatever maybe.

NYPL

Pamela,
Dark,
with arrows
green lights
for the
Jets

Mechanically Eleanor began to clear her throat, look round the room to the Mayor's silent, solemn, hatted rays. Ladies & Gentlemen, the work before us today is —

"Come in & hear what Eleanor says" said Rose, pushing Elvira into the long dark passage. which was lit by a glass door leading into a kitchen garden at the end.

Then they "she said, leading preceding her upstairs into a room which was arranged as a committee room, with a table in the middle & hard chairs surrounding it. A people standing talking. The introduced her first to Eleanor. Then to Bobby; Dyspaceably Rose called Eleanor and Bobby. Ten minutes late. "I know" said Rose: Elvira fault; she talks. because she talks. She was going to write letter. The other real Committee meeting, she explained.

"Only an informal discussion" said Eleanor. Yet have you, Then in my room Mr. Ram" she said. by Course "she introduced her to Miss Mrs Merton. My A Course I don't know" She added, looking at her

Then they began pulling out the chairs. More people came in by degrees. Rose put a chair for Elvira in the window and when the Sadie. "You're bored. You've only to slip out" The whisper pointed to the door. The other woman who had a footstool, Elvira noted, began reading; from & then she asked if it were Rhan pleasure that she should begin what The head read." And Avon agreed. Then she replied. Now it became plain that there was something wrong. It became plain that the young Lumorous brown man with the twinkling Eyes, whom Rose called Bobby. The man in

under the table

NYPL

where he was rather crooked which was to his credit
was not going to let these little people say things that
were manifestly ~~no~~ they that ~~understand~~ such the
learned knowledge of human nature, could say
seriously that Eleanor who could see his point
of view at that time at the very moment: which was
one of very great difficulty...
and most critical we all feel there
said the ~~ferocious~~ man whose face had neither breadth nor
length: his mouth was ~~going to~~ going like: it
snapped: whereas Bobby's face was loose, like a
dogs dewlap. But there was plenty of time
the time to come out into the open, said Bobby.
Perhaps Mr Parker then, said Miss Merton who
~~have the~~ drafted his opinion...
~~And~~ Now Mr Parker stood said Rose. That was
again. ~~You~~ I call when the measure ~~to~~ need
a statement. How do we stand then? said
Rose a pale plain woman, with a strong hag-
gard ~~face~~ mouth, who was very
precisely her understanding... ~~Now~~ I propose
that ~~the Members, said~~ when we come to
that in ~~good time~~ time said Miss Merton I call
upon the measure... I ~~put~~
Does this bore you, said Rose, whereupon again
as she crossed to open the window, by which
Eleven was sitting. Did ever been at,
on to the mantelpiece by this ~~time~~ Eleven whispered back: what a calm, Rose
only. ~~Shall we go, Eleanor shall~~ We could hear,
hear a ~~shuffle~~ of note paper
worse when, she added, they ~~began~~ began
looking at the cards: A pencil?
are - Rose provided one.
~~No people, crowds~~ The dust, Eleven
~~Time~~ 3.35. July ... 1910.
wrote:

most important not to have any Committee of the

No objection to Sunday? said Peggy

By all means said Miss Bowsher - only then let's open the window

NYPL

headed hr that. A manly But me mentrit a bit weak
publn chrm .... wind ay whisky: money lend:
Evans: Harrison: a dentist heh. women Nosey
to talk outside open window. Cost-
premium prohibitn... ~~But he got~~ The old
Andrews again: overdraft at the Bank....
Eleanor then ~~merely a very~~ theatre act hysh.
We have heard Mr Parnell my able statesman...

Bobby — wore thin like dogs skull. Brow hair.
Born coat. Twinkly eyes. Cool. Pugnacious.
Thumb act his work — Stage stabs again: ~~that~~
Too much ~~the~~ jaw together ~~they~~ both. ~~They~~ Actor:
Oh tut (E. Weaks: rather rolled: unfortunate) Quel
Thye my critical. And a pushing Irish.
(Chameleon man; Uncle colour: mouth like lips words eh: a
Linnean (rah faa) Queen Island ~~the colony~~
Fund. Funds. ~~If Mr Parnell would drop his~~
offences.... women Nop to talk outside open racing
window. ~~Something about giving him~~ Se a e en
d a. Voices heard away. Contrary premier
m Kincora Sqe... who? been to look at
premier a Kincora Sqe?... ~~Bloody~~ Dowse
Coosey. A Take ~~two~~ Too coos Tally take too
coos. Tak. well ~~perhaps that~~ Miss
Parnell & Mr. Spicer who live down that way —
~~Hon~~ Bobby: forget. Cigar? No cigarette. If ye
no objection to smoky? Very close today.
~~Can't stand open the window~~... ~~Retreats~~ ~~Rose~~ Bobby rose & opened the
window behind Elvira more widely.

Taking notes? he said, smoky at the
same went back to her seat. ~~The~~ question before
~~the meeting~~, which was whether ~~this~~ it was to
~~it was wise~~ to join the militant branch ~~of~~ the
suffrage movement or not. He was

use in
the Senate.

NYPL

We expected Lady Lasswade but Kitty

We went back to her place, & the meeting went on for some time. It was a Miss A speech by many Elvira wrote; but she had but Cramped though he words were. She had already filled her paper. She could write no more.
Soon there was the rush of a great Car; & the room was darkened. Everybody looked up as the door opened. A tall woman entered in a long cloak. Elvira looked up as the tall lady with eyes on the page "Kitty, say I. Behold, Lady Lasswade" Lady Lasswade. Fawcett sto. as per the tall. Behold a redecoat? Kitty, say I. Grey Dim with cloak. Broad Cape fan afraid bonnet. flower. Grey to brat. Kitty, say I. Lady Lasswade."

I must apologize said Lady Lasswade, not early for being so late, but for coming in this ridiculous dress. But it's the — the King."

The meeting continued She laid her white glove beside her on the table, & the meeting continued Kitty Lasswade: wrote Elvira, as the mayor got laughs which she had fallen, cape: broad face: Eyes fan afraid: manifest: argues: Prince Heinrich dinner party. says Renia friends. She laugh. Dinner party! Laughs. Behind the scenes. Wishes heads Dragonade Silent Talk. Cat in Sweden. No fear. Lisa Wanheyhuis in Corner. Paper boys Egypt.

The meeting ended. At Hester had to catch a tram. They all stood up, talking "Were you bored?" said Rose, clothes Elvira, as she left the room.

"Nothing in the whole world Ever invented one just so much" said Elvira pressing Rose's hand. She disappeared.

"Look here, Eleanor" said Kitty Lasswade,

NYPL

I mean the fog - but let me give you a lift - There's the Car -

~~But for the Chauffeur~~ " said Stacey.

Drop me at the Tube then said Eleanor;
but give a Bobby!" said Lady Lanvaud.
Ive a stagey: Caballero" said Ivor.
Lady Lanvaden dropped Eleanor at the Tube &
drove on.

She dropped Eleanor at the Tube & went on in her
Car alone to Covent Garden.

The footman opened the door & spread a rug over
their knees as they got into the Car & drove off.

When Eleanor had been dropped at the door of
the Tube station, the car went on towards
Covent Garden. But the narrow streets near the
Opera House were blocked. It ~~was found to be slowly~~
~~in a long~~ had to take its place in a long line of
Cars, going at a foots pace. ~~The air smelt of~~
~~oranges & bananas.~~ Men women in full
Evening dress were walking on the pavement, in the
glare of the afternoon sun. Their high piled
pale hair, their cloaks with flashy green sequins,
the Camalions in their button holes, were
~~walking among costers~~ & dodging between
costers barrows & vans in the glare of the
afternoon sun. The air smelt of
oranges & bananas. ~~People in~~ People in
ordinary day clothes stopped on the pavement to
stare at the cars & carriages filing slowly
past the policemen to take their station under the
~~Columns~~ at the door of the Opera House.
Lady Lanvaden drew on her gloves &
hitched up her bag. ~~The Car~~ At last
her turn came. The got out, & ~~entered the~~
hitched through the swing doors. She had her

Hurriedly
they hobbled
up & down;
looking out of place
holding their skirts
together

Car Cade

NYPL

I mean the fog - but let me give you a lift - There's
the Car -
~~But for the Chauffeur~~ said Stacy
Drop me at the Tube then said Eleanor;
~~but give a Bobby!~~ " said Lady Lanward.
here it stops. Carballes " said Ron.
Lady Lanwade dropped Eleanor at the Tube &
drove on.
The dropped Eleanor at the Tube & went on in her
Car alone to Covent Garden.
The footman opened the door & spread a rug over
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her turn came. The got out, & entered the
hurried through the swing doors. She had her

Hurriedly
they hobbled
up & down;
looking out of place,
holding their sticks
together

Car Cadet

NYPL

own box, & there was no need to join the crowd
that was pressing down the stairs into the stalls.
He was in perfect time. When he sat down
the orchestra was still tuning their instruments;
the conductor had not come in yet. Beneath her
the floor of the house was still in a state of great
agitation. Everywhere people were passing to their seats;
the gangway was crowded; figures were constantly
appearing in the boxes; [illegible] light
the whole house flowed pink red & gold &
cream colour, & the daylight was, the advancing
eyening light; the streets was [illegible] illuminated
replaced by [illegible] artificial light,
just as the [illegible] the smell of orange
bananas, [illegible] had been replaced by a
fine odour of dress stone. [illegible] flower scent.
Lady Lan reads stared at the programme that
was laid on the scarlet ledge. In a little
space within the heavily decorated border the
names of the cast were seven. It was the [illegible]
Lieut. Van Roon was singing. [illegible] When
the door opened behind her, & in came a man;
tall, distinguished, grey haired. & she [illegible]
Norman Edward Payton.

"I hope I'm not [illegible] off" he said
as he sat down.

They both looked at the royal box. There was
nobody in it. "They say he's dying" ... "There was
There was no bouquet of pink Carnations.
They said at lunch that he was rather better"
said Lady Lanreads. But Edward had
met somebody coming along who said on
the contrary that the King was dying.
"Where he dies in the middle, said Kitty
with they stop it?"

The house was very full. Letter working
Lights flashed upon ladies heads, as they found

2 [illegible] ames in white gloves were [illegible] pressed on the ledge.

one [illegible]

NYPL

"Thank Lady Polchampton" she smiled: & the Archdeacon
Edward taking his place beside her glanced round, to
see what at the interval he said adjusting his
opera glass. "The boxes they say be 'shaken to go to
bed" said Kitty. "She does not what such it
mean?" she asked.
with The end of the Leader began for one thing "said
Edward. with regret. Another man entered the box:
— May say the boxes is scarcely to have an effect...
he said, as he shook hands for doctors are
rude hers.
the Fair Queen" said Kitty. I wonder what...
at that moment. the Conductor Emerged from his
pushed her way up into her seat, there was a
general outburst of clapping in another second
the lights had sunk & everybody leant back in
the darkness. The music began. Kitty
leant back against the curtain of the
box. The was not really musical.
husband had a box, it was a waste never go to the
there — she said was her favourite The music
made her think, not as keenly as she was now; but as
she had been, or she might have been:
fifty now & her eldest son was twenty five; —
but as keenly, detached from the Car, the horse in
Bruce Street. The box at the opera. the
Cards on the table. the footmen opening the door, the
bagpipes. the glass horses. the meetings in
the street & the other up in Scotland. the
was thinking of Eleanor, Bobby, Rose & the
little room in Queen Square. the night had
& free she felt, there: with her cousins:
And I might have married Edward the night,
looking steadily at him. He had leant
back & he noticed only see the outline
of her face in the red glow. He was had

Not- and that they're began he said.

They say things are about so bad he can't bear Might the night he said.

from underpaid my

1880
- 20
40
1910

Every night

NYPL

Charles needs mine hence.

As the stage became all blurred & the light fell on his narrow fine face.

dear Lucy—

when he heard who clasped her hand.
lowered her eyes. He looked older, more handsome: he had not married. Those moments never have done the said to himself. The curtain went up. Edward opened the blue eyes that were but near together. Jeffrey was his favourite opera. He liked the processing young man with his clothes thick & his neat brown whiskers — the absurd fat curly young man. What was the name of the young man — she tried to remember — the young man with a thatch of hair. at Oxford! The head again a wand of hammer, hammer, hammer, in a harsh fashion: I can hardly utter my upright in a flounced dress, eating fish. In the foyer had become a burden — Kelly Hughes — the name came back to her. Hughes. Hughes. That was the name. The first person that was on the stage. In her eye: The stage scenery became suddenly very bright: She could see the paint on it perfectly too. & the Elysian curly wig. Then the tears ran away from her eyes & heart beat. There was also this Cradock the Thought to himself; & some book and treading very softly room upstairs: And mama was so angry because I kept the Candles alight undressed in front of the window. It seemed to her that the rain was falling & she was standing at an open window & then the Scrubbed hung at a little mirror & There was a dinner party & a American professor, & old Chatty Worthy & her mother & the ruby the dinner &c. her mother doing embroidery, & the reading the Times,... & Edward asking how many him while the rain fell. fell. & the fire never stood up & never lay down & they went up to bed carrying candles. looking at pictures: & when they got to the st great room, mama always made her take some joke about

NYPL

Queen Elizabeth. Oh dear, it was all over — her
father & mother dead, & it was all the more sad
now, & there was nobody else left — the
look they gave, & twisted them round the body.
There was a girl in white taken ill, & was lying on the
stage.

Kitty leant back against the wall of the box. —
She was instinctively glad that she was
shielded from observation by the folds of the
curtain. She was not really musical, but
as the Lammermoors had always taken a
box at the opera, it was a waste not to use it.
The overture, The music blazing without anything to
keep at, had the magic to steal, always at first
save her the odd feeling that she had suddenly
stopped dead. The life was going on; everything was
going on: but she, herself, was isolated, unstirred,
removed in a moment back a thousand
She had been very active all the morning: & from
She had given a lunch party: & the hour since
Mary & Queen Elizabeth & was the ordinary. The
looked steadily at Edward. The
thought of herself for a moment as something
detached: & then she looked steadily at Edward.
She could only see the outline of his face in the
red glow. He had lowered his eyes; & as he was
looking down at his hands that were clasping
his knees. He looked austere, intellectual,
handsome. Her face was heavier & more
decided than it used to be. He had
never married. Kitty felt Heaven
knows; & Kitty felt that she had
something in common with him, with Eleanor,
with Rose, with Bobby, some ancient
rather rough, primeval, Yorkshire than,
which came from being a Ripley, Yorkshiers, —
the very small independent, not great noble

at first

all the
misery she had
been feeling of late:
She felt the
movement of the
Car
bringing her
&
her

NYPL

Cavern people like the Lammermuir. the Lasswades.
Bobby laughed when he having Rollo-Rogers. Oh,
but it wouldnt have done, she thought. Edward
much too intellectual. Her a scholar: — Then
He always made her feel Clumsy. Then the
Curtain went up. Edward looked at the stage.
He noted in the act he last took the light, that his
eyes were too close together. Then he looked at the
stage too. Mina was hammering at the
sword. Hammer hammer hammer. The dwarf
went on, singing as he struck the sword. Siegfried
was Kelly's favourite opera. In bent Siegfried
himself, in his leopard skin with his nut-brown
thighs & his hunting horn. Kelly liked the
absurd fat bounding young man in the Valsen
way. I could have married him, she
thought to herself, watching him sing; &
then she remembered a young man, coming into a
room with a wood shaving in his hair; &
there was a round of hammering: The
head
tried to recall the scene, piecing it together. ...
a round of hammering, & he — but what was
her name? Where did this scene come from.
Suddenly she remembered rather fish after wards
table with some people, parents & friends & then,
oh yes, they were called Hughes. The girls name
was Stella Hughes. And the boy had come in,
& he had thought, that he would have liked him to
kiss her. He raised her opera glass to her
eyes. The stage scenery — the old tin tanks
that were like asses ears — the trees that
seemed made of cardboard — became suddenly
very close & bright. The grass was made of
thick curly green wool, the old sea
bleach paint marks were peppered eggs.
& the plump brown thighs on his arm. He
put down her glasses & leant back in

NYPL

her seat. It was somehow connected with dear Lucy Craddock; & with a dream half of the bodies; & old Chuffy, my nurse, & Kitty in the dressing room with mama. Mama ~~looked at her~~ & the sea & strand, & the fire never got down but were stood up, mama ~~looked~~ at the embroidery, & they ~~travelled~~ about wonderly, & then she went upstairs to bed & stood at the open window & then to ~~night~~ sea — She sighed. ~~Then she looked~~ And she had ~~memories~~ the ~~It~~ was all gone, vanished. ~~And~~ She had had a long ~~She~~ fixed her attention on the ocean. The ~~wanderer~~ had come in, & was going on & on & on. in her long flat dressing gown, & went on She looked coldly round the room. There were lots of white arms, ~~the elbows~~ & they & the bodies above. She had been to bed last week: it seemed just the same. Awfully dead. Lucy dead; but the sky same shape going on. Edward were very pleased. And that pond. Tony Arthur & E. ~~only was drowned~~ perhaps. You ~~who~~ was the ~~underpadrah~~, & he had to call on the Mark & ~~came fat forward and ten~~. just as Edward & Lamington & the Other used to call on them. Then at last the wanderer had gone: & ~~in~~ Cams Jessford came back again: Edward gave her a kiss which meant that Van Roon was ~~looking~~ very very extremely well. Edward was looking very ~~ugly~~ ~~The hands looked too~~. She knew every note; what every motive meant: Kitty was always for them mixed. The gentleman ~~was~~ ~~Her legs~~ ~~that fragments~~ this hurt no ~~more~~ again. And she began very much excited as she heaved up the fire on the fender, & began the hammer, began ~~rasping~~, shrinking & ~~melted~~ the blade. On, & on & on: ~~began~~ the steady, the hammer. The fire ~~went~~ ~~would~~ ~~keep~~ ~~keep~~ the ~~two~~ was forging a sword — ~~something~~ under the fell

Copular

Clot
Some motive
had ~~wanted~~
what
or them. oh
meant that...
Jessford it
meant actually that
Jessford was coming.

NYPL

the iron rings & thumbs & hammer & forging a blade. -
he buckled it when he heard a great boom with
crash as the anvil whole fell apart.
And then, as he waved the sword about, the curtain
fell.

There was a moment's darkness: & then
a tremendous clatter. The lights were put on.
Everybody stood up in their boxes in their black,
clapping. For a moment, even when Van Roey had
gone behind the curtain they still stood, in their
fashionable dress clothes, black & white, silken, jewels,
flashing, bejewelled, splendid, wealthy & powerful. Then
they began pushing & crowding out to dinner.

13th July

"How much vinegar do you dressing Maggie?"
Elvera asked. She was making the salad for
dinner. "Oil Vinegar and, mustard pepper salt
she repeated, & then what?" She was making
Maggie came in from the kitchen with the
meat & they began dinner. & they began
They ate for some time in silence.
dinner. They ate for some time in silence.
Maggie was dressed only in a white bathrobe
a shawl.

This a most interesting scene & extremely
woman, Elvera said at last, became
her powers of observation have obviously been
atrophied by some early & painful ? shock
rendering to say hideous experience: which
the doctor won't talk about. Just as a fine
you know Maggie, if you put a very wound it will
all the apples on one side are small; wrinkled; &
the other side they're ripe. & taller:
taller, & about the size of a baby plum.
But she's a fine woman all the same:

NYPL

Dressed all in silver with jewels in her hair.

~~twopenny halfpenny stamp.~~
~~an little [illegible] marked~~ are wrinkled, bitter: but on the
other side dabbed in golden lustre.] And there was
Eleanor: & there ~~was~~ Bobby. all sitting round a
table. jostling in a room with brown panels; & a
greenish light; & ponder; & women talking outside & many ~~of sound~~ in
Dover Court: suddenly there's a rush of
them. & suddenly in comes a tall woman, very
majestic, ~~but~~ dressed all in silver. The Secretary]
exclaimed "Sure enough, there was Mr Spicer
getting up his chair." She poured the dressing over
the ~~[illegible]~~ wheat salad. Mr Spicer. Miss Merton
the Conference; are going to inspect the premises in
Vincent Square. That's all a question of funds,
Jenkins Maggie: Oh & then Bobby — he was
But what struck me first, was simply Miss Merton:
You come in, Maggie; there the room full of
people. all sorts all shapes. standing up. sitting
down; some with despatch boxes. others with a
string bag: yet a sort of uniformity pervades the
scene, whether it's the panels I don't know. [illegible]
caught first at once, there are not pattern by:
there are bound by invisible threads. And
that's what I felt when the little women stand
the mouth. a ~~sort of beauty~~. we are what she
not ~~individual, we are~~ pattern by. what the
said was, I had never read the minutes: but
figure to yourself Maggie, something eyeless,
generalised: ~~majesty that & not~~ Merton talking to the cat:
that's Merton I said to myself. Not Merton
talking to the cat; Merton adding lady to totalisation —
whatever sexless & eyeless, heartless &
but majestic, very.

~~But what was~~ Rose's ~~experience,~~ I've [illegible] Rose" said
suppose she said Maggie I ~~liked~~ imagine it, said
~~Maggie~~ This is what you did today
Maggie: Well I don't see why

NYPL

I thought Rose rather nice – on the whole

you shouldn't / you enjoy it" she added.
And did you pick up a shawl, & wait at ward for
fifty! Rose asked. What Maggie
day Do I told her you loved a man in
back street – who makes cupboards. What happened next.
So on with the story" said Maggie. "Oh, then there was
a rule of ours, / outlawed, / woman hood
in love, in silver, / I said. The Fenians: when which
the Friar – – Give me Maggie, at meeting
nothing said in an ordinary love episode, ages. Ugly as
Ka but was a noble yet broken tongued:
Jan Ladyship" a chair Bobby flying than the
window / Mirror a roar & traffic, / children
down. Perhaps / even one the heart-handled
Hugh I've ever seen Maggie. And wildly, gaily
Bobby ashy in the next room, / rather hating
extracting one lean cigarette:
He had to leave the any / knew – said
Maggie / Bobby there, said Maggie:
Bobby / was the in the / got into trouble in the any.
And then they all went on talking. Mr Spear –
then there are just to / the farmers –
Violent spear. Brow bea.
with he let his cigarette, & I hoped to myself,
This is probably the most / intensely, really
that has ever happened to me. Simultaneously,
There must be some connection between
Maggi & pearly. I / would be told Jo he
Spend the window did not? ! with, / was a
Jo ort raccoon Ellet Maggie: / because.
hang obliterated / indecent: The hands are
brow. / any only the eyely word.
Jo / it a Jo come Jo elemental
Lady the / elements: / then, / three this
heathen manes = calm / cries. Jo glow.

(undoubtedly manic
should come in,
sad ey, mum: I
mean to complete
a sec)

said, Jan
Ladyship
a chair

NYPL

Yes, said Maggie. He sat in a room lighted with a lamp.

Life has been a damnable fraud

agreement

Jen then entered the rather crowded scene to the unpleasure of a very cross, hungry, — [illegible] cat about. [illegible] person made? Instead the scene gained immensely from that moment. Outside there was a flagged courtyard: no grass: Clothes lines

But what was [illegible] about? said Maggie: The [illegible] That comes next, said Elvira. [illegible] scene is ended. What came next was, Extraordinary Maggie, something most remarkable. Quietly, quite new for so happy, she said new for with [illegible] me — let me see. She' Considered. [illegible] asked: or — the

In order to experiment her rage — what?! something. [illegible] What why what the dove say is so remarkable. [illegible] Maggie doing? Heres [illegible] But it doesn't matter.

And then she says "[illegible]? What Maggie doing? That was [illegible] like that: very remarkable" That Not that one. Not that one. This one."

And then we [illegible] off."

Elvira imitated Rose's voice. imitated the words,

altogether was one of the most remarkable I've ever seen." she added.

Gentlemen rather fussy, said Maggie: they

They sat eating silently. Maggie went fetched the asparagus. They helped themselves across the desk between them.

"At a meeting you say they, like this:

Between whom that I showed upon this report!"

NYPL

~~Act as the~~ ~~as the~~ ~~things.~~ ~~with a~~ But only not as we say them.
~~Light~~ Especially: supernaturally." There are people
bound together by invisible threads I said to myself:
that was what struck me first, as I came into the room:
with the brown faces: the pale French eyes:
that are not passed by." The room was
French: ~~chocolate coloured faces~~ on the ground floor:
~~a face at the back~~: I saw in the window.
what I felt. Maggie was. "There are not persons
big but people bound together by invisible threads.
~~Was there a face then?~~ ~~Was there a face then?~~ - French, said Maggie.
Was there a face then!
One face: no face: "chocolate coloured
panels: ~~And when~~ Take ~~too~~ cocoa Polly
take two cocoa Tak...." What the person in
the sequence entered when Bobby opened the
window, ~~in Came~~ ~~there came in~~
Bobby's ~~was~~ there ~~was he~~?
Yes. with them that you could left him up. by. them
eyes Brown hair. Cream face: brown eyes: against my
And when he opened the window, a waxy
Chrysalis man: ~~pet~~ ~~kept~~ ~~just~~ ~~the~~ ~~Jehanda~~:
whistle: hands: ~~the~~ women's voices ~~in order~~, ~~not~~ ~~perfectly~~
the valley: ~~without any~~ ~~order~~ a thin a rather -
Now what comes next? A
eyes:
Cheese, said Maggie: in the ladder. On the top
shelf." ~~was~~ Bound together by invisible threads. said
Cream. ~~Hungry~~ ~~back~~ the cheese. And then
Came a sudden rush of air: the room darkened.
It's a precious funny, said Mr Watts.
~~Mapleshire~~ mouth top. Actum said Bobby.
~~but~~ I have in west mule- do do).
~~Yes~~ ~~showed he taken to~~ ~~brighten me~~

broken
music:
precious
eyes

Sun dappled
Yes glass
medley;
~~A medley~~ not
~~take this~~ me

~~his Queen has made~~
It's a precious friend

NYPL

we all know what the Remembrance pronouns are?
She set the Chair on the table.

And then, Maggie, there was a rush of air;
the room darkened & in came a lady robed in clouds
Clothed in Starlight. "Kelly, and E." "she added.
Only I haven't got the Shoulder right.." "
Kelly" said E. and she Fenimore drew out her
Chair to admit the presence of the Bulbul fairies.
Bobby was the one who got into trouble with
Brocas was said Maggie
And then there's a rush of air, & in comes Kelly
Clothed in Starlight.
I don't altogether agree, said Maggie, at last.
She pulled the vase of flowers huge towards her
& began busily about the flowers.
Yes? ~~said Elvira~~ Say I see what you mean,
hand. Anybody could
I mean, she added, Rose comes here & says
~~What are you doing?~~ Rose ~~says~~ says.
~~Never then reading Rose says~~ — Come along, &
that was what they were saying
& get a vote.
That we want it. said Elvira.
~~I was going to say~~ I vote, Skip! Then we shall be
~~But Ralph~~ we had votes, Then we shall be
Englishwomen. we want to be Englishwomen!
I don't.

NYPL

Yes. But if one had a vote, one would be an English woman.
I don't want to be an English woman."
She got up & threw the crumpled petals into the
fireplace. "Elvira Manners makes all that"
She said coming back to her place again.
Please Maggie, said Elvira, tell the whole
of that story from the beginning. You remember?
You came in dressed in white satin from the party
And it was a hot summer's night. And I
was looking out of the window, at the moon.
Yes, I was trying to myself, and I hear an
effort to make one coherent story out of that
at that very different time of excitement;
the moon being still; the irreconcilable
opposite forces; when I looked round & there
you were sitting on the bed; & you said,
in whole sales, & you said, The man next me
leant back in his chair, holding one hand
there & the other there, & said "Power,
Miss Payler, power", they all dined in good
class; & then you said, I can't imagine
anything more delectable. & Celestine said Mrs
Elvira, Heavens matchi; & I said. Cheer up
Maggie, imagine you're floating down a
river. And then in came Mama. & he heard
more when she came in.
What was all, It was odd - hearing the
She danced. said Maggie.
Go on from "It was a hot summer's
night" said Elvira.
Yes. She danced, said Elvira. But go on
from "It was a hot summer's night....
It was a hot summer's night - Maggie
began. "Power" he said,
Go on from there.

NYPL

being all dressed in gold lace.
Power he said being all dressed in gold lace. ...
Maggie shrieked after her. She laughed.
Elvera waited. "He was large; he was fat"
She prompted her. "Very" said Maggie
And then he turned to the lady next him?"
Yes. "who was extremely beautiful, with
Diamonds in her hair?" "Yes".
Elvera waited again.
But as there was they had finished dinner,
& there was necessary to make the coffee,
Maggie said no more. got up, & went into the
Kitchen. She came back with her hands
full of clothes. She made the coffee & began
to sew. For some time nothing was heard but the
drip of the coffee, & it the drop the little
water fell through the strainer, & the tap
tap that Maggie's scissors made, as she
cut laid them the table. She was
cutting out a dress, apparently. Elvera
lay back on the sofa, reading, now & again
a book which she closed & shut,
But perhaps we are lesbian women" she said
at length. Perhaps we is born lesbian "the
Perhaps we can't help ourselves -
perhaps we is born lesbian.
Nonsense they have taken the oath" said Maggie
But we haven't taken the oath, said Maggie
Not yet we is women "said Maggie's became
then you don't ~~I suppose~~ exactly you can't
help - How d'you know Maggie?
Because nobody - Passport what about them?
I don't think we can help it Maggie
take lesbi
Oh technically, I deny "said Maggie
Bah, many dead children - But what

NYPL

a little man, does he all over with turkey feather:

says it — the continued, last meaning hurting him all down a hem. if you don't take a brute, you needn't be an ass.

What maggie says is, Elvira repeated, vaguely if you don't take the brute you needn't be an ass. Like Papa" she added

Yes, or Edward, or — who wrapped fe- an officia day in order to become the guardian of the

or — Mimi prompted her.

uch, as the people one meets at parties. The toady. The little man on Lake found to- the duchess — said..

The toady, sitting on you left, then turned to the duchess i said ... ? Have you seen Regane in madame Sans Jene.

Oh yes, i then they have to go off to ostrich. Oh, said the Duchess. Carlos the eyes to heaven,

My dear Lady, I have only desolated an Jam to leave you now, yes the toady, I have only two columns of dramatic column for to mean paper. And all they have to the office, in the City. Give me your no yes the Rome minis- ter the comedy. No yes the Rome minister whenever Rex says. Give me a role, I'll run the comedy. whenever the Rome minis- says, — new Magpie, how would he twist! through theatres prevails to the heavenly woman all in diamonds. ... I visited more a other room, leading the drawing room, with two shaded lamps, and chairs, one sort of garment by taking off her boots.

NYPL

gold lace & so on "~~the actor~~. She & Hawes match "the
members, for she was keeping a reserve of this
between her lips
And then he turned to the lady in diamonds" said
Elvera; "I opening onto the big drawing room
where you sat talking to the foremen, was a
little room, with shaded yellow lamps. & there was
two chairs, & one convenient sofa. And he
began pulling off his boots- which I don't blame him
for Thomas P. it's a tiring day in an office
governing the British Empire... And the lady,
the man who sat on your left, turned to the
Duchess & said Have you seen Regane in Lear
Jane Jene?.. Isn't wonderful, just down, he said,
& the Duchess was about to reply, when the
lady, laying her right hand on his left side, said
Exclaimed Rosalind, Duchess, — & said he say
my dear Lady! — but I'm only free & half
minute in which to write one & 3 quarter
Columns for to mornings papers. And so make off
Now what Rose was saying to Jay at the
meeting — but Maggie what the are you
telling Jim about the meeting — You attend to
the next room ~~in order to find~~ & may make about
in the cheque drawer made to find ..."
ah right, said Maggie. I'm listening.
She had ~~brought in~~ fetched a piece of yellow
silk; which she laid on her knee; & began to
~~Cut~~ measure.
And she came in like starlight, ~~how~~ dressed with
manner: I can't ~~do the~~ remember ~~how~~ the quotation."
~~For an about~~ Rose said the meeting " said Maggie
I had a letter but as paper somewhere, said
Elvera. but the content. Never mind. Rose is
in war setting with the bench time, fancy
the arena racing: hey Lyons; hey Ward;

NYPL

Rose said, Pressing in the true spirit of desolation
I may damn my life the flowers faded before it
felt mature. The flower (Hayday there: nothing in
the little patch which is all in allowed of the
whole garden: flourishy garden, betrod by hasty
feet; & the mean comes; night comes: the
damp & the beasts, & the rankness:
Rose want a vote; yes: said Maggie:
he just went Maggie: to which the old man replied,
then replied, according to Rose, — that where her
brilliance comes in — the beasts be left;
that about the jetty sets in the Duchess' drawing room.'
unlaces her boots, which are tight. patent leather,
with whatever Rose Mawdon does says. — well, in
Duchess is folded in their arms:
Rose Ardagh-Lacy, even the smallest may have to seldom
putting speeches into the mouths of Kings, in stars.
and how that to prove 10 on her coat, others,
in the Westbourne Grove " said Maggie
Rose bites her lip
Not why he want Jane her a vote " said Maggie.
I see, said Maggie.
But I said to Rose, Elvira continued,
how have the Prime Minister in the Elbow
drawing room with the Lady " said Elvira.
well but look here. Maggie said Elvira,
suppose Jane is the Prime Minister; away other
high officials; like Papa for example;
with a title red box & a sword;
piroueting about in fancy dress
looking glass; governing the British Empire:
Jane don't want a vote about that sort
45 W. in the Westbourne Grove.

NYPL

"I don't blame him in the least" said Maggie.
"I'd rather an office all day long."
That was the very substance of what I went on to say to Rose — as I should have said, had there been an opportunity. What I said was, taking Rose by the scruff of her heavy hot coat, which cost 5 pund ten in the West Centre, "Rose my fine fellow, Rose you indomitable silent but silent, emperator. I daresay in love a day is seven hundred years; but not now: thinking to myself Every patriarch has his prostitute: thinking to myself all the yellow couches in letter drawing rooms; how few generations, — but all the same, I added, what to come doubles, trebles in fact multiply the past a million times (you won't reach the time to come: do I said to Rose, so on, Sum. The future: time past is nothing to don't you be despondent, for downhearted, for not if you don't. pick up your forms, a whatever they're busy at the long table, for another in the name the generations, I bet in hotel, I added, that main revolutions of this year. You know Clio's needle and this Embankment Maggie? A rose leaf on the top of that is the past: the what's to come is the pistil. And why not, I said, a bright yellow — Drawing rooms, all the rest of it?

She was
pick up your forms, a whatever they're that you may be busy — We didn't say that
Rose shape, Maggie, I could be more exact." —
scruff in the interval generations get unborn: time to me.
And then the meeting broke up. And she
said "Are you coming to help us, or are you
honorably bored." Not at all, I said:
" She stopped.
And I replied, —

NYPL

"I could have told you all that" said Maggie from where she
Captain Ash and at last
"Now I shall write to Rose," said Elvira; & explain ---
knows me a bit Maggie. Now where the paper got to."
& ~~obtain the position~~
I shall begin. "My dear Rose;
In short,
~~all right~~ and Elvira. I'll put it in to
If you haven't taken the bribe, Elvira cheated,
you needn't behave like a fool. But, Maggie,
when you want a letter you have to wait they say in
Very well: where's my pen, here, I'll write it & tell her.
"My dear Rose, she said, with her pen in her hand,
look Poor Rose, she said. Then she was, she
mumured, they will be back to me at the table. very
appear very vexed; My dear Rose, - & I
shall therefore adopt a manner that is suave,
communicating: My dear Rose, no; when Hall you
this afternoon, I said, & was entirely true,
how pleased & indeed elated I was: that was true;
we are of opinion, Maggie & I, very
But you can't put they're precisely like that.
what you must do is to this: here we are
sitting after dinner, in our room. Maggie, I:
Then sewing. - what are you making? -
I needn't go well, leave that out. Here we are, Rose,
Magdalene. Elvira Fayter. & when you
very true, consider the matter, with the aid
of Arbuthnot, we conclude, that it might
be true thank you, for the offer, - that it may
to become Lightbourne - we conclude,
that the disadvantages, indeed dangers, this
position presents - far outweigh the benefits.
- that the wrong style, Maggie: how

NYPL

~~lest~~ ~~that~~ we should become liable to honours
which we deplore, & to services which we abominate
~~for the~~ ~~If~~ — ~~that to say~~ ~~lest~~ if we regist
~~because Deans, or of~~ many to that ~~bishopric~~,
degree, title, & can ~~thereby~~ ~~ranges~~ with
markets. In our opinion, the acceptance yr
vote implies, ~~involves agreement with~~ the
In our opinion the acceptance yr vote makes us
liable to honours we deplore, & to services
which we abominate — means bishoprics
degrees. title, ~~thereby~~ ranges with markets.
Moreover, ~~At~~ ~~That is the~~ it would be
incumbent on us — unless we mistake — to
accept the ~~heads~~ of the Church of England;
~~to which we are not prepared to do;~~ &
Surely, to Baptisms, marriage & burial according to its
decrees — & with regard to baptism, marriage
& the conduct of the immortal soul,
which we are not prepared to do, &
~~Please direct the Press Mercury attention~~
~~Consider further~~ ~~Has~~ ~~we~~
Since, as ~~far as we~~ to the best of our belief,
we have ~~offered~~ these two or three hundred
years, to ~~the~~ ~~us~~ made a fair offer to the
Nation. ~~There~~ 2 or ~~3~~ 14 years, which offer
has been always refused, we now ~~want~~ to
~~withdraw~~ ~~same~~ withdraw it, & consider
the matter closed. ~~As for the Educa~~
~~Has~~ We are nothing in short
~~As~~ would induce us, Magt & Elem
Zeyder. to become

NYPL

"I shall now take a drink of coffee & begin a new paragraph. It's very exhausting, being Rose" She threw herself back on the sofa with her hands behind her head.

"Marching on, marching on the said, it's a wonderful procession, from one end of time to the other. And time [illegible] on the top of Cleopatra's needle; Compared with time to come the pitcher. Our generation, Maggie, is merely the thickness of a rose leaf. We're to and an an infinite vague: [illegible] twice twelve thousand years, a man, they looking in at this window & [illegible] hold her nose & say Pah they stink. Dear Jesu, that barbarian. what we are, in the eyes of the future. Best to return. To blow one's nose in a pocket handkerchief is an impossible outrage when the [illegible] Cleopatra. My dear sir, I say to that man, And I shall say, Best to return: Nasty things, these hands, finger nails. " He held up her hand & looked at it. And there [illegible] making a tantrum & the light of the moon on the 6th of May nineteenhundred & ten. Yesterday Eustace:

Best to return.

It is to be a dress, said Maggie.

And she came in like starlight, her with Jewels. "My address to Eustace."

[illegible] I'm making a dress, said Maggie.

For a party? Eleven asked

Yes, tomorrow." said Maggie.

Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow." the last Best to return to [illegible] the letter." the [illegible] read "I would be incumbent on us, were we

The Prefect who is from Lucca thinks the Checkmen the police who, I am told Can She sneezed

NYPL

English women to accept the teaching of the Archbishop
of Canterbury with regard to baptism, marriage &
burial, & the nature & conduct of the soul
both here & hereafter. And that, I may say
with the utmost emphasis, we are not
prepared to do." ~~Take that~~ Well?
Now Maggie, to continue what next.
"We hope lunch Ethels foot is better; & send him
over her love. ~~Send~~ Yours affectionately to each,
Then signs Elvira Pazelli" said Maggie
your name. ~~No, no no Maggie: there must be some mistake.~~
~~and Ethel~~:
No, ~~no~~, Maggie: The ant eg writing, which is a
very wonderful gift,
Elvira dipped her pen in the ink.
"We hope ..." she began.
God knows Maggie, it is a complicated
business, ~~the~~ ~~type of~~ writing one sentence after
the other, ~~began~~ ~~Queen~~, the moments hunting her to
~~send them~~ ~~Thanks~~ the prater, I say, in for supper, & hope Uncle Ethels
foot is better - ~~at once~~ he is very busy taking part in
the procession. Mighty fine decent work - nothing but
a clump of them & the horizon, I mean of savages:
& heathen howling Vergivett. ~~what a sight we have~~
to break off from the procession; - from one end of
time to the other! ~~Here we break~~ At
~~then break, may, come to the rock~~ here, I say,
we, Maudulina & Elvira Pazelli stop I say to
the Papelin, Here we ~~take our~~ break off. Here
we ~~make our vows~~ ~~have thought the decent~~ leave you ....

She began, Neither ~~it really~~ a
Remembering ~~all, she said.~~ Easter affair "she
said, we hope lunch Ethels foot is better:

NYPL

we hope Uncle Arbuthnot [illegible] "the words" added,

~~Rangdum Sluem, said Maggie~~

both when you feel like that said Maggie. I know
but P.S: ~~we said~~ ~~we offered~~ ~~As we have offered~~
~~vaguely~~ ~~her~~ As our offer was repeatedly refused
we now withdrew it & carried the matter closed.
by
Holding her hand up in front of her she lay for a time, when
Maggie went on sewing.

And she came in like Starlight clothed with ....
I can't remember how it goes... ~~However~~, now for
the letter." She took up the piece she had
written & read out:

She said

Yes we, ~~I~~ Maggie, what I intend to say is, we
have followed you ... this formidable
now we are come to this rock: here: this a craggy mountain:
where, yes, I Maggie, ~~were~~ from rubbing our hands to the bone embroidered cuffs,
taking a last round ~~day~~, make off in a track your
own."

Flourishing a Kiss

The letter cigarette. Her letter made no reply.
The long strips were long stitched together, to make a
Colour Mat.

~~Finish the story of the party.~~ Maggie. Clown Coaxed
her — whirled the man in gold lace say
to the lady on her left when you went to
the party Maggie! —

They said nothing.

NYPL

He read the letter through again: "It's a letter
of acceptance certainly" he remarked. "The translations
aren't as smooth as they ought to be. But never
mind. If Rose has any common sense ....
The folded the letter that in an envelope
addressed it. There! That's what she'll find on
her plate tomorrow morning: & she'll say
Now she'll come down to breakfast tomorrow
morning, & she'll find on the envelope addressed
in an unknown hand lying on her plate. And

It's a very enchanting process, hey Rose" she added.
And the translations are'nt as smooth as they ought to be.
But never mind. If Rose has any common sense
She folded the letter that in an
envelope addressed it

Now she'll come down to breakfast tomorrow
morning; & she'll find an envelope addressed in a
unknown hand lying on her plate. And she'll
Catch her breath. & say, What come at last—
seeing seeing her husband's name man, who left her
at the turn the road years ago: somebody she
loved: who left her. shall we say, under a
shower yellow laburnum in a garden; in a
garden by the sea; in the garden of a home where the
Penguins had taken to the summer: "but why did he
leave her? why didn't they marry. Maggie!"
at whether, shall we say. And for some
reason, he went away, jumping into the trap
which was standing at the door: & the last we saw of him
And he waved his hand: & went: & covered petals of the
me; never had a single word from him
from that day to this. Maggie. So that when
She sees my letter, & reads merely my name,
She'll trample it under the breakfast table with
her heel: & strew crumbs & bits of toast ....

under the arch of the elm trees:

NYPL

That's completely ornamental" said Maggie
I ~~rather~~ liked the hyperion petals still on her Coat" said
Elvira. "~~Otherwise Away rather looking~~ it
~~But it wasn't much of a Story~~ And then Rose stands
for a few moments under the fan; & then Jack on
her. ~~But it's a little sentimental~~ No I must do.
It's sentimental." said Maggie not
Besides if Rose loved anybody, it was obviously not a
man" said Maggie. "~~Look at her clothes~~" letting
~~Then the story must have to be completely re-written~~" said
Elvira.
~~Look at her clothes~~" ~~she said~~ ~~And her~~
~~hands~~."
Elvira lay silent "Look at her clothes"
said Maggie "well?" She asked, looking down
her bewy & looking at her dress
~~I dare~~ in ten minutes I shall be able to
explain." said Elvira. She lay
The animation had left her. She ~~looked~~ lay huddled up,
unpeaceably, uncomfortably,
"All right" she said irritably. Maggie
went on with her bewy. ~~any difference~~" said
"~~I don't see that it makes much difference~~
Maggie at last. "what difference does it
make after all?" said Maggie at last.
Horror ~~horror~~ horror said Elvira
Rose is over. She said, sitting up
~~But when~~ when. She said, I could think of
Rose with equanimity in the arms of his
man in an ulster. The other thought—
is loathsome. Just for ten seconds."
But in the one case, you see Maggie,
I covered them with hyperion petals.
In the other,—I didn't cover them, at all. I

Rose & Melrose.

NYPL

I saw them, naked; which seems to prove, Maggie,
that ~~the nature~~ the arts chiefly a mystery
the ridiculous, the repulsive; or am I wrong?
Maggie laughed. Oh ~~right wrong~~ seen from the
artist: ~~the right~~ She laughed through him.
What is 'right'? What is 'wrong'? "She added.
Stu "One moment" Maggie. Oliver interrupted her.
I said just now in the key the moment ~~left~~ "sick"
I mean that was a mere statement; ~~no feeling~~ was
then: when you said Rose flung into the arms of
Mildred in a Greenhouse, a shock: human: terror:
agony, something that lights up the whole the
dim, pale past the human scene. Can we
make a ~~de~~ test of Charley I said tragic. "
What is Charley.
Just one moment said Maggie.
"What's Maggie all over" said Oliver, addressing
the ~~two~~ rest something the most profound
importance — an example ~~my book~~ is
nothing yet known the capacity the
human body: Charley, like an ogre all is
white with an average mind stands in the
pale shaman properties rest, they
Carriage blocks the way: ~~in~~ that what
you were about to say Maggie when it
occurred to you that the Cat was
or, Charley, ~~unknown proper~~ ~~unknown~~; whose name!
we have taken all these years in vain! —
He ~~turn~~ turned.
~~Montagna Fontana~~
"Move, your Pum" said Maggie.
~~And all the~~
Oh Maggie ~~and~~ when I'm an old
She picked up the Dress that was lying on the table.
She held it up; & its folds, the silver & the pale
~~yellows hung down~~, & hung down in folds of
silver & pale yellow.

NYPL

when she had cast down her eyes were full of tears

"So you'll marry him" she said

Maggie shook her head.

You say "Poor Russ," like that, you never will.

And I shall come in and find you stooping over the cradle."

"I haven't made up my mind" said Maggie.

Elvira began pacing up and down the room.

"You're not made of glass" said Maggie, as the

Elvira came between her & the light.

& Elvira then flopped into a chair. So as Maggie the

sad, angry words ran my cradle before the boat & the

wrecked in the sea. The sun hasn't yet risen:

black boats are fishing in York: now one rises

with a decorate cry that has nothing hope in it,

the cry of the bird that sees the world flaming beneath it

in coloured flames: white heads appear above;

not made of glass." So as you say to the sea....

a sketch in time, raises mind & two many Cooks

Unsaid the words It's a long lane that has no

She leant her head against the leg of the table.

turning:

So as singing. Maggie:

Hark hark the dogs do bark

The beggars are coming to town,

I can't remember how it goes on.

I don't remember how it goes

Now does it go on?" She could not remember.

What were thinking" said Elvira, were tempting this:

We can get two respectable householders, one

person religion to sign may to a form of

what is called an application form — I am

talking of the British Museum. Maggie.

I can become a member of the greatest reading

room in the whole world. A place where

dim light falls on branched backs. well

Then how can Rose say, to they her mental exhi

the walled light of green branches which best:

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Edge of the table. ~~That we~~ are outcasts, forsaken."
~~Last~~ Rose says "Damn that dark. They're shutters on"
I say Damned are the souls of shutters on.
Damned are the cyclades. Damned are those
~~who took~~ gates. Damned are all founders of such a
Wrecks: ~~Damned are~~ are who lie in lunary;
~~within~~". Mater why Maggie, ~~when Edward~~ stays
in the Chapel, after the ceremony, + work all
the bells ringing + the ~~de~~ white boots & women in the
hollow necks, I said — for remember the hot summer's
day in Oxford & Cambridge: when they made papa
~~whatever they did make Papa~~ that walking
hamburg that empty hand perched on two thin
stilts — ~~Uncle Abel is a fine fellow: Solid: loves:~~
~~hate: but my father. If my father he was — was~~
a fellow ~~of~~ Jhn College. ~~a~~ ~~whatever they did make~~
him.

Honory Litt. D. said Maggie, or formerly the kid
Honorary Litt. D.: a symbol ~~said nothing but throwing~~
my head back — so — "she threw her head back,
I snuffed the air: ~~What catastrophement:~~
~~decided on the stock of a delaud~~ &
snuffed the contamination, complacency air: pounds.
And ~~there we what~~ ~~wanted~~ had to tea in Edward Towers" said
Maggie: ~~Hoarseness + cream:~~
the air ~~that is neither one thing nor the other:~~
Cowards" said Elvira: ~~ever~~ ~~Cyprus~~ all they have to make their living" said
Maggie:
~~Now~~ the wretched cat, said Elvira, now
~~wants~~ has to be let out.
And Edward said, taking the Antigone of
Sophocles ~~from~~ done in by English Rhymers
Verse by Edward Pargiter from the
book case, ~~said~~ — Let me see: what did
Edward say: — Oh how do I know, the

Damned.

(a pun
the fountains
~~falling~~ ~~flowers~~ behind
upon
falls)

NYPL

he's a fine fellow in his way no doubt: & he's
wasted his youth, that's true: but he's not a poet; no:
so as Maggie says, what else is he to do."

"He's not a poet, no, so what else is he to do." The
That's how they Maggie, in the pre-natal stage,
before she had taken wings to story, flown to the —"
She paused at the book case, & took down The Hans to the
Antigone, translated by Edward Paxiter — "Hans to the
utmost ...."

She dropped into a chair & began to read.
Magdalena began tidying up the tea-things. She
swept the bits & shuffles of silk together, &
cleared the table, & began searching for pen —
ink & note paper.

Are you going to send your love to Rose?"
"Do you mean
she asked. Elvira did not answer.
She sat heavily down at the table, & dipped her
pen in the ink; "My dear John" she wrote: "
began began drawing on the blotting paper.
The sound of a Church striking the hour at
last roused her. She listened.
"Nine, ten, — heavens, its eleven" she exclaimed. "I

Look here Stagg — Ef Hennet" she said, "you
helped Jon with Rose: Jon help me with John ..."
John was then Elder brother, now stationed in Mexico.
"Next Last notably to the right translation" said
Elvira. — This
"The Concealed remains of last night's mutton"
said Elvira, hanging her book shut. "well?
"') he got to write to John" said Maggie
an innocent English sheep: or shall we say
Queen Victoria writing to the Prince Consort:?
My dear John, Edward Paxton moved to
moved out on the led out on Tower Hill

Circles, segments,
Crescents,
branching
growing out of
growing
each
other.

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~~her Eyes handiget~~ - there that; Here a man who spends his life corrupting youth; Here a man who busy
hard amely for his services. My dear John, the
whole argument is incurably corrupt.
My dear John, the women for ~~years~~ gave over teaching
Greats ~~literature~~ at ~~Universities~~ the bells. My dear John,
for ~~Ladies~~. My dear John already, said Maggie.
It's what comes after that's the difficulty."
~~Go see Maggie~~ what happens is this" said Elvers.
Edward puts on his cap, & takes his form from a
hook on the wall. It's a dismal January day & the
rain is falling mildly but with a persistence that does
at Credit. Edward says to the assembled
Company of callow youths. He ~~is~~ being
an hour early with note books. The rain
runs in the gutter, makes a cheerful noise as it
drenches the pipes. Flowers are dim. an air of
mild respectability broods over Emmanuel. Bells ring
Men with their coats on trays pass to & fro.
And Edward says to the assembled company
of callow youths with red hands, & pale
that with adam pallish, a short pheasant,
standing in ranks in turnip fields, ~~Lobsh~~ Oxbridge
he says: being paid, you see, to say it. To the
lecture canteen: ~~to the~~ to the ~~lecture~~
canteen. My dear John, shoot ask down, &
leave all lectures.
"My dear John?" Maggie revealed with her
pen in the air Waving up.
"This a ~~my~~ long time ~~since~~ since I wrote to you,
Elvers began: she stopped.
~~Eleo~~ Maggie
~~His~~ John is a Landgoose" ~~Letter from John~~
~~Maggie~~, Uncle he's just come in from
reading ~~a~~ the dead all in white. The sound the

I swore paid to say it. I had said it in Southwell

Therefore he goes on Tuesday or. Come into Persh's The say: in the the way about.

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palanquin is heard. Hot air pulls through the almost
Entirely room. I button Amy's there in a bernous;
& the ayah takes the baby. The mail has
arrived on the back of a naked runner. A
monkey shrieks in the forest. That's from
Tom Inder "says Amy, tossing her the letter
I should say we had butter here & she opens it
& he reads, London is very gay just now.
We went to a party at the Welkingens last night.
"at the Welkingens last night" Maggie wrote.
are on Elders Children Corner
Who are the Welkingens?" she asked
The Welkingens are old people who give parties"
read Elberia; on Campden Hill. We go there
dressed all in white & with a few of the Colvarden jewels &
virginity: Seed pearls, &c. &c. And I danced
danced with a man who said he had met you.
been with you at Eton.
at Wellington" Maggie wrote.
How much more did you want?" Elberia asked.
Down to the bottom of the page. "Go on."
I forget his name - it started something like
Ps Rose came to lunch today. &
was on to the Royal Academy. where we
Jack & where we met. It felt in my
name you like ... " she stopped. It's a
curious thing about a lie," For all we know,
John's
Ps dull, working Lie" she broke off.
Or we haven't seen John for seven years -"
Maggie &
The only object in a lie is that its
Dull" And why is a lie, dull? Maggie?
one lie;
but never mind; Tom's Lie by what it is:
Circumcision says Lie to you brother;
it The Rose said. They all said at that meeting.

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Maggie finished the letter.

Edward likes Everybody who's paid.

Is that so, Maggie? Edward likes everybody who's paid.

hats on his Cap "John" better.

Irreconcilable Compromise: ~~Just the right answer~~

Cold mutton.

"well he has to earn his living" said Maggie.

But then what's John what's he,

But then as we are forgetting what John's like,

Who may be ruling natives in a Council Chamber:

He may be riding a steeplechase.

Grey mare at the head of his troop:

lying with a native woman among the pampas

Slain.

Letting lie:

What would be the best for us to do

So we may as well forget it

Better tell him Let him ask the Academy what comes next!"

"Now Let Everybody lie"

Capt Jones "we went to the Royal Academy.

The Serjeant are very fine" "So on"

"And do you think, John that brothers & Sisters will Ever be able to tell each other the truth.

"And so you ohman John that brothers & Sisters will Ever be able to tell each other the truth?

Because in my part, I can't say that"

"No that wouldn't do" said Maggie

Then say, I must have a cold:

"Don't know to tell"

Then say.

"after they can't" said Maggie

But in me
Dont know
John — "
" "

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Look here, we must polish off some hors"
Aunt Margaret has the rheumatism, & her cat the measles.
Edward tells her; so does Elvira: but ~~with his~~ whereas
~~difference~~ — Edward ~~tells~~ lies for money; = Elvira
~~does it for the love of~~ lies for love or lying.
Good bye dear lovey Lulu"
Maggie ~~fawned~~ stretched lamely. The cat also
rose. Stretchy they, ~~it~~ took with the long
stealthy movement of a wild beast, marking
with ~~pale~~ stripes through the jungle across the room.
~~When a key~~
John would lean down from the elephant; & shoot. —
"That were a tejer" said Elvira. ~~Perhaps~~ The
tejer would make one wild leap, for the elephant:
but ~~for~~ back. The elephant would trample:
John Major Parker would then fire ~~from his~~ his
second barrel; & Major Parker, a finish . . . .
firing at the same time, the tejer would reel
~~from side~~ totter, stagger & fall, with a growl, a
groan, there in the south. Dark blood
would ~~da~~ soak the sand."
Or he may have shot a tejer" she added, as the cat
stole with the long stealthy movements of a wild
beast stretchy they across the room. Leapt
down from the elephant. When raised his rifle: forced:
the tejer sprang. the elephant reared ~~and~~ threw
wild ~~he~~ squeal: bird rose clapping ~~its~~ crimson coloured
wings. for here, said Major Parker. My God too. said
John: his rifle ~~here~~ jammed. ~~but~~ with
~~aimed shot Parker~~ began the tejer sprang. rolled: Parker fired next; &
~~that~~ in south. Dark blood soaked thigh the sand. —
We can't say for certain what John's up to"
She added. He may be shooting tejers, or he may
not" she added.
John is a dream to us; a wild romantic dream

NYPL

As Phris is a dream to us; "You can't wake to dream,
~~Love sleep~~ Maggie. Rob starts a talk about tomorrow
the washerwoman's basket. "Maggie
Perhaps tomorrow we'll do our Maggie
Tomorrow, tomorrow, tomorrow. Tomorrows
the party Maggie. Tomorrow ..." she paused.
"You needn't say ~~nothing~~ to say
about. ~~I daresay~~ perhaps I shall say No"
No Maggie: what you'll say is this:
Libby beside him on a dark seat sitting beside him
& holding in your hand something that you've picked,
young things the leaden perhaps only a handful
of ivy leaves: you won't say anything after a time
he'll get up & say, not as I say it, but in the end he:
a gasp; & moans; & puffs: & ~~two words~~.
& you, who have been drowning in deep green
seaweed up, silenced in deep green waters, & the
at that harbour bay by with rose & how
Indian branches a white lily. ~~that's~~
~~it would bother~~. And the leaden, long back
will seem to you an ~~infinite~~ ~~stupidity~~ long weary
place. You'll stop, you'll gasp. at a puddle:
You'll stop at an iron rails: and then
Come in, into the drawing room, like starlight
bed with jewels.

~~The~~ took up the pen.

"But why? ~~Should we have to~~?" said Maggie
"There you are, there you are". Elsie moaned
~~monotonously, as the~~ mockingly her leaden voice,
"There you are, ~~the same~~ rocking ~~the cradle~~."
Oh, what's the sense of it?"
The People might all fall back into their death
amazed: ~~its~~ remainder with forever in
the hands of savagery.

You'll hear
them:
You'll smell
the
bitter leaves
~~dust~~ on
them.

Drawn out,
in my

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the folded up her dress, took the dress & bolted out it together.
marriage & all that." she added.

"Bring em up on an island" said Elvira.
planted with stones & trees as for inhabitants. let there be
none, but fishermen & women who dig. then
tell your son, if he makes a penny by ~~a boat~~ as
Cheating that you'll know him and the next rock
into the sea. The fools shall ~~run wild &~~
Jump Jump. And read books, which are dropped in
Crates by...
~~the Bodish Navy~~
but nobody shall say then a good a bad.
~~Everybody would do it Elvira;~~
we shall be ~~nothing~~ poor" said Maggie
we shant shant be able to send them to
Dress in sandals, And then they'll walk up "No"
Piccadilly dressed in sandals" said Maggie.
Oh Lord, oh Lord, sighed Maggie stretching lazily-
Why is life what life is?
A young from start to finish" said Elvira.
Violence & terror & excitement. a matter of
swords & pistols. But a tremendous flourish
all the same. for an adventurer
"Somehow I envy old fogies" said Maggie.
fogeyish clubs in Piccadilly?" asked Elvira.
Oh I dont want to go to Eton & Oxford" said
Maggie: "but its a safe life;- a ~~mans~~
~~Its A bad~~ bad life, a false life, a dull life, an
unreal life; unarmed very appropriately by
they mean & cheap metal. like paper.
~~for them~~ still if they like it." she added,
let 'em have it by all means. I dont
grudge the Lord Chancellor. Nor the Archbishop
of Canterbury. Nor the King in his blazing throne
stuck about with precious eggs & solid ruby.

I hate what I read to Rem.

NYPL

~~& the Queen, when the moves, standing like a Starry regn.~~
~~That was what I said to Rose:~~
Let 'em have it, I said, What's what they like
René dreamt, said Maggie.
~~Standing on the little bay on Waterloo Bridge I said to Rose,~~
~~The pomp & splendour of the world I said to Rose.~~
That's what I said ~~Standing on the top of~~ in the little bay on Waterloo Bridge.
Standing on ~~the top~~ A rose leaf on the top of Cleopatra's head.
faded leaf. Blow it away ~~out of the fore place.~~
that Frenchman, when you marry René, that Frenchman, say to him
Look here, my fine fellow, Now Maggie
when you're walking up the elongated garden in the
Dark with Rene, step of the gondola — became it was
Where such nights when all the clouds are chasing
in the sky: & says to him, ~~it's better than your~~
Look here my fine fellow: none of that humbug, for us.
"None of that humbug" Maggie repeated.
But they'll have to earn their living!.... two pots — that's all
Sell Grandmama's jewels. Put on up the thout
Eleven pupils. ~~Two hundred & fifty a year~~
~~Cost us, two hundred & fifty a year.~~ & say we have
two children: ~~well, that four people~~ how are four
people to live on two hundred & fifty!

Very tenderly" said Maggie "~~Otherwise~~, how are
~~you going to find it~~ — ~~I mean~~, it ~~your~~
~~you want to — pull down what she is:~~
~~want to do it~~ — she wants to end, Connection:
Piccadilly, ~~what you like~~: Come when & so on:
~~making money~~: She must go to a room, & pay
in the Strom. ~~What Rate top~~ & say,
we want money to live on;
"well ~~she must say~~, say well, Maggie ~~It is all~~
~~humbug. four us, — two hundred — two fifty!~~ —
& nobody in their senses want to
give me whatever the sum is — two fifty! that

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pull down the whole world" said Elvira. And
burst under
Whereon, what Jove does say, said Mappie, stroking the cat,
is "Give me a vote: & I'll be like you"
"Address the Prime Minister. in Gold lace -
pearl leather boots.
~~I'd better add a footnote~~ "said Elvira.
P.S.
~~Rose stood~~ up, addressing the Prime Minister - Rewritten
Lord love, milord Duke, what with Charity. I am
Canterbury, & working with old gentlemen who
Thop all have their fingers in the wax (that what
Elvira like my dear Eleanor) we, as the
undersigned, have inherited, letting alone meet
in dark rooms, - for Absalom Elvira always seems
to me Mappie, very dark, ~~dignity~~ as respectable -
a very into the Reign a very Gilded tradition,
milord Duke. which tradition we intend to preserve.
which tradition has not, come to them yet, much in
common with you. ~~Because you~~, for
other reasons the gentlemen aforesaid, ~~were not a~~
~~finger cheque for pay~~ - (how we could refer to
Whittaker Almanac.) we, the above name a
finger cheque for pay. & are framed for that end -
we, on the other hand, never make a penny, & are
framed for it. - Thus Edward, examining his
jokes with Sophocles) we, on the other
hand as plain common sense, you can do
with is not enough. On the other hand,
one thousand two thousand pounds is
too much.

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"It's ah such nonsense" said Maggie: "such waste of time."
"such raving lunacy" she scoffed.

"The meeting?" said Eloise. "A meeting a green they master. Listen: like a trunk of stone all smooth; but hollowness. Where are the eyes, the mouth?" says! Putting my hand over the mouth Everton. And then was more attack: calls hooting; screams cries of children."

"It's so simple." said Maggie. "What Rose ought to say is that might form a postscript to my letter" she added. Oh its what's the proof of letter writing" said Maggie yawning. "And it bed time. That'll have to do, anyhow." She said, taking the pen, & folding it holding it against briefly. The silver pale yellow shone in shine as she moved. "It's it too long" she said; or maybe too short. is it too short?"

"That a very interesting question" said Eloise. Star of Cross Waterloo Bridge in a machintosh which belonged to Mama, in a man driving a Cart—wanted say — what would he say. what oath, what voluntary judgment unpleasant shower a in which drop I am not drop. so that whether it Carriage or a men short of would before Carriage— another, because my mother wore it, when the fashion one a peaked the Highlands, then man Thomas a mark further apart: a whitby port: one out Cart figures that passed the street: wrapped blackened: nothing in last but an old fur Highlands, whereas when my mother wore it on the river. Thames men felt often knew the side of the river. Thames picked up the bag handkerchief which she had brolled, as before. The was a tear on mother. And did in front of the glass in which. You're now looking Maggie dressed for a party.

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"Marry her, then" said Elvira:
marry that Frenchman, a Italian with the black eyes,
& bring your children up on an island,
where ships only come when the moon's just.
There was a wound & knocking inside.
Miller reiterated knocking
Somebody's come home drunk & want's let in
said Maggie a window was thrown up.
a woman's voice was heard shrilly above.
And antelope would come down to the
lake to drink said Elvira
There! he's left them in" said Maggie as
a door slammed.
"And he'll throw himself down on a bedstead,
or on the floor & go to sleep. said Elvira:
& on the back
& he rise. And so to work up the dark
to morrow morning. And then, you know
how they [illegible] with ships: with
one more day, he'll be lay crushed by
a heavy sack & he for months in hospital with
(the days when they'll visit him. with
all the cheeks. and have a pot. die"
[illegible]
no time to let you know. the nurse will
say to Mrs Wrecher when she goes in the
afternoon. But she'll see the body, I
mean.
"What'll have to do" "said Maggie
She held the door the head been
rocking against heavily for a minute,
last "That'll have to do" she said.
Then she folded it & laid it
on the table She went to the window &
looked out. The factory chimneys were

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reddish in the light of the Mist Lamps.
~~At the Inn~~ A haze of light lit up the lower half
of the houses; then there were the solid black
roofs; then a clear clouded tumultuous sky
tinged with red & yellow from the lamps.
~~The Mist was~~ There were still a few
people in the Street. Night & Mist past mid night
Far off a voice kept crying hoarsely

Cauld rolling vegetables all in time of
night, said Maggie ~~The voice came nearer.~~
hung outside the window. The voice came nearer.

Death, said Elves, death, death-
but they could not catch the word,
until a man standing ~~a~~ narrow Street
which Means ~~Death~~ of the King's dead

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si fuit
Mist Means

30th July 1933

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Aug 3rd

The little local train kept stopping at stations after stations. Eleanor jerked forward & then backward with the jerks of the train, could not take her eyes from the corner when there was a glimpse of England. It seemed to her extraordinarily small, neat & green: & extraordinarily crowded; at every station one noticed a train full waiting. The fields were full of people & every platform there seemed to be a family party. And then the train jerked on. It went through fields thick with large red & white cows. Men were standing on bridges fishing, women in white aprons were sitting in cottage doorways. It looked very like a thick & plantation country after Greece. She had just landed from Greece. Her face was completely brown, save for where she had crumpled them together to avoid the glare. She was coming to spend a week end with Morris: & here, at last, was the station. The train stopped, a man boarded her carriage & gave her a note. It was from her sister in law to say that she apologized for not coming herself, & to There was an old carriage drawn by one rather lathering horse waiting; for Eleanor's bag was lifted up: & they started, with James perched high, & Eleanor behind, with James at his side in a buff coloured coat, silver plated crested buttons on his old hat up in the front. He had a few words to the fish mongers; they stopped at the corn mongers: they stopped at the chemists. The nudges were very bad. James said coming out with a large bottle wrapped in tissue paper. Eleanor mopped up the neck of

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Crop as the rat in the Sunday Sheet, & thought with pleasure, but with still some amusement, of the Snowmen ~~supplies of~~ facilities for washing that were provided in every small country town in England. In Greece she had gone without a bath for weeks. This little town was full of vegetables, watery hose, new shapen, for fresh fish, & every kind of bucket, rake, & agricultural instrument. & ~~James came out with a large bottle wrapped in tissue paper.~~

~~"Madge had the flea James?" asked Eleanor.~~

"People stood in the under the awnings. The Theyre — it was a very hot summer — fatty, as if they were all in family Eleanor, as the rat, watched how often the men ~~touched their~~ lifted a finger & the women smiled at each other, as they sauntered along. looking in at the shop windows

to their hats

James came out at last with a large bottle wrapped in tissue paper.

"Madge may had the flea James?" asked Eleanor. receiving a lotion.

The midges were worse than James could ever remember. The ~~drought~~ wet August the longest he could remember, & even the hottest summer. they said. Even the hottest summer. The parcels were all They They drove on, past the ~~it~~ market cross, past the old red brick town hall & the with its Gelt clock out along the Shaftesbury Salisbury like Eeglesbourne street of Eeglesbourne Century houses, which soon ~~it~~ came to an end, & then the road became a lane, with dusky hedges on either side, wreathed with Dusky garlands of Travellers joy. The old horse settled into his methodical jog, & Eleanor leant back under the shade of her white & green parasol. umbrella.

They did say

tucked in

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She came every summer to ~~spend a few days~~ stay with
Morris at Wittenings, his mother in laws house.
in Dorsetshire. But this year she had been on Precia.
Her father had died in the spring, & she had
~~gone to Precia with~~ Edward ~~& a party.~~ had
had taken her to Precia, with a party, for a change.
She had no attachment at the moment anywhere
& so she rolled along though the hot lanes she felt
extraordinarily free. Freer than she had been since
her mother died. ~~At the age of~~ She was 55
~~She was to her own.~~ As they passed through
drove along, she thought idly whether she would
like to live in that house, with a lawn: & in
that house with low windows in the village street:
or in that house, with ~~whose~~ white chimneys she could
see among the trees. At the back of her mind
she knew that she did live in London, probably
in Notting Hill; but it pleased her to feel that
~~the~~ the choice was before her. She loved
turn into a ~~Precia~~ grey haired lady with a
basket on her arm: a grey haired lady who
went round the cottages: a greyhaired lady who
to whom ~~that~~ rambling, kind ~~very~~ ~~old~~,
faced clergyman moved ~~curtsy~~ curtsied —
~~She would live in London.~~
white gate; & trotted rather more briskly along
the drive. Then they came to the
the low white house. drew up ~~quite~~ handsomely in front
a ~~Precia~~

Now who stayed here? she asked kindly
as she went into the low ceilinged hall with the matting
on the floor. The right & the two columns,
& the ~~red~~ mahogany over the mantelpiece always
reminded her that ~~somebody~~ when George the
third was at Weymouth had stayed here —

E. was b.
24 1856
80 66 -10
76 20
86 30
96 40
1906 50
19 55

the marshes
purple —

lovingly along
the road with
her hands
behind her
back

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~~perhaps Anne somebody~~ in one of Jane Austen's novels-
To imagine that the choice was all before her.
They were ~~nearing the village~~ Mowes's wife's mothers
home— As they approached, the village
~~was~~ people in their best clothes, ~~came~~ women with
perambulators, old gentlemen with white fans
& head, ~~in the~~ came strolling along, in twos
& threes; ~~carrying~~ many of the women were
Carrying string bags: some of the men holding flies-
~~were~~ & a gleaming silver object like a
salver was rested on the coachpane over
perambulator: & the children were all
~~were~~ sucking sweets: it was the fête: returning
~~they were returning from the bazaar at the~~
~~village~~: They cast curious glances at
Eleanor, as ~~the victoria~~ they ~~passed~~ a path
~~for~~ the carriage take its way through them.
Now they came to a white gate; trotted
briskly down an avenue; drew up
with ~~great~~ a flourish in front
of two slender columns, clean shaven
like bristling hedgehogs & a wide open hall
door.
"How cool & dark it looks" ~~said~~ Eleanor
thought, as she ~~got down~~. & went into the
hall, strewn with ~~—~~ shabby old mats, & ~~the~~ ~~furniture~~
shabby armchairs "But who was
who stayed here?" she asked hardly.
The light ~~the~~ Admiral's portrait
over the mantelpiece ~~always~~ reminded her
that somebody had stayed here-
perhaps Lizzie the friend, when the Court was
at Weymouth: or one of the characters in
one of Jane Austen's novels. It seemed such a
short time ago, the eighteenth Century.

NYPL

when one had been thinking of two thousand years ago
in Greece. Like everything Turkish ~~seemed to~~
the past seemed so near, so friendly, so domestic.
Her tea in Cairo however, served at the
Drawing Room, in light Hyaweey summer clothes,
distracted & flustered & absolutely with her
hands full of baby linen. She had only just
got back from the fete. The tables in the
Drawing Room were covered with bottles of
preserved plums & scarlet runner beans.
"~~Have a fruit cake~~; but rather shamefaced.
~~It~~ very hot. But what a mercy, after last year.
When they had had to move everything indoors
so I couldn't come to the station. Lady
Lady Chiltington ~~was so fat~~ stayed right to the
very end. Now you'll want to wash."
Eleanor washed slowly, methodically, in
cold water, standing in her white petticoat,
the share room, where there would certainly be
biscuits in case she wanted to eat biscuits in the
middle of the night. The Turkish sun still
made her face prickle all over where the
fruit sun had burnt it. Her
neck was cut off from her chest
as if it had been painted brown, the
bright sun shone on her every day.
Denny had become a habit: she always
wore the same jewel - a red blob like encysted carbuncle
round her neck, twisted her thick brown hair
carelessly in a coil & gave a glance in the
looking glass at the woman who had been for
fifty-two years Eleanor Payle. That she had
taken to growing was obvious; there were
three perpendicular white streaks at the top of her
now.

On the drawing room piano stood

Wash went very well - but it

A novel, a poem, a biography of the week to read.

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She stood at the window for a moment, looking at the burnt dry lawn and at the trees, heavily weighted with dark green, at the cows munching in the meadow on the far side of the rank hedge. She wanted to see Morris alone, if she could. But he was not alone, when she went into the drawing room. She had to give him her letter silently, Keir — but he pressed her hand — in front of a blowsy white haired old man in a dowdy jacket, who turned and to her — much to her surprise, rather to her disconcertment — did Dubbin: William Watney:

"Sir William Watney — " Morris said, with a forced emphasis, to inform her that, in the thirty years that had passed since Dubbin had used to come to Thirlstone Terrace, he had become a Knight, a been Knighted, had been promoted.

But are we all like that? " Eleanor asked herself; looking from the petrified rather stained, rather crumpled plump face of the boy she remembered at Morris: Her face changed. Thirlstone Morris: He looked worn: haggard: thin haired: but to the strong thought of his nephew George Cameron, her hero Reggy, he was still in the prime of life. and he spoke in low, & they went in to dinner. How had Dubbin become Sir William Watney? She wondered as she ate the fish which had been brought up in a parcel: She had last met him in a boat on a river: But they were all talking at a time about the fête. Reggy, George were the youngest of Morris's children: only eighteen, twenty; & looking after them, & otherwise her, when their mother's health almost superannuated, prim & white faced, not that

Ellen has
in flames.

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Clayton and Clara's family

were yet the were old; but that they were very young.
Peggy blue dress, jumped & a modern children's dress;
& George, with his red face his red hands was
Will Watson; a boy; a Cricketing boy;
Betty silent at the father table. The maid
didn't remember what George was: wet, dog, or Pop?
Morris began talking to her about Greece.
Don't you envy my brother-in-law, said Celia! He's
just come back from Spain.
Indeed said he Indeed, what part of Spain!
We went to Athens & to Olympia, & to Delphi
Eleanor began.
It was a town," said Celia, cowed by
brother-in-law Edward-
You remember Edward! said Morris
Father Edward was in his element he added.
Lecturing. the I'm no doubt- he did it
very well. Everything around him said Eleanor: with pain to my
"I was in Spain ten years ago." said he
Indeed I do not
& bore her.
a very handsome
Cheap-
Watson, with an old charm you
ask the old
lecher and
chair Stiffen. And did you come across
anyone at the Embassy!" he said turning again to
Eleanor. He shook his head. He used to stroll
away from the lectern, the Major, & look at
birds, high his flanks — a defenceless habit
There, you're the trouble there, in the meadow" said he to
future, when I'm not taken" said he to
Mrs Morris.
The boy George pricked up his ears, Eleanor
saw. Now the three men had: Indian politics:
was Dublin in what had Dublin gone to!
Obviously he had lived in the East.
What Kipling me on coming back to
England he was saying ... again:

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The returned officer.

when I went to see them at the Colonial Office the other day, a little chap on a high stool said to me — Yes, the recognised the type. He had that look in his face now returned
Celia envied her — "he is trying to send for
William a home in the neighbourhood" she said,
what strike me comes back to England" he said,
is that ah yes horrible love in the dark.
The returned officer. Eleanor thought, listening to him
thoughtful manners, rather courtly & respectful of
women in the country: the reference to her unfor-
tunate wanting virility: so that there no subter-
Captain about & then the
Jamaican then father used to talk rather like that,
with slight bitterness. Slight contempt.
Again ah the slight at manner unpleasant-
ly altered at the eye & silly fun: & last to stand
life again. dawdle about on a pension, the
But the war rather in the same powder the
Negro: only she felt the war just about to begin before
for one thing she would not allow servants
washing on her. The would have a
& Crosby was pensioned off. The would
live in a couple of rooms & do cooking for
herself. It was for him, keeping up the sorting
Stead, & the looked at Morris. Whatever
They! The Negro again that he had aged.
There was a woman, worried look: He wasn't
'Sir' Morris He never seemed quite to
bring it off. He made quite enough: but never
he had to work, work.
What odd things we do with our love. The
Negro. Cocoa me Love Jane & they different
was night when I urged him to go to the Bar!
was papa right when he wanted him to do auto-
banca! Was he had an happy a life as he

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deceived? Suppose he had not married Celia?
What an odd thing life is, she thought to herself.
There seemed to be no choice. She
But Sir William was telling a really interesting story,
in clipped, nervous sentences, about a peer he
about three great public figures: & they were
had quarrelled; & "one morning I was rude to Peter
such: regret. Come round & see me: & so I put my
hat: & there
I've asked you here on sufferance: I don't expect an
answer on the spot: but just take this: he said:
put it in your pocket: & go home & think about
both my in three days I may ask you whether you
decent communication between
Jane & William some time were "Celia whispered
to the raw boy.
The story was nearly at an end
And I found myself the in the very dirty
clothes I was in an old pair of grey breeches
& a wide topee standing in a ~~large~~ pla
cycle a peaceful tail where no Europeans
had ever been before with them face to the
sun. Good Lord I said to myself, if they only
knew what a hole am I in! But
I didn't let on you know...
That the ~~way~~ thing that made you
was the way R.D. ~~found out~~ what was in you"
used to be ~~that he was~~ used to put us
through our pace." He looked at Jane.
~~with~~ Eleanor admired Sir William:
~~the~~ ~~left~~ ~~that~~ It was wonderful what men ~~that~~
could do: yet she had a feeling that
yet there was something faintly distasteful to her.
He was boasting. It was very natural after all.
And she had a feeling that she would have to
listen to a great many stories of that kind

Leave a chair for Jane Jelinek:

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during the weekend. Another story was beginning.
But this time it was about a famous man—
Sir William had known him long before he was
famous. And he knew very interesting.
Only she wished that Morris would talk more too.
She wished that he would assert himself. She
wished that instead of leaning back & letting
Dubben talk, he would work
to say something sharp, weighty, humorous, in the
to prove himself successful. But he was
not successful. Morris had never been a complete success
the missing: there had been a moment when he
might have had some appointment. And he
had been passed on. She wished he had a
country house of his own: she wished he did not have to
work so hard. She wished he was Sir Morris.
However what Sir William was
saying. It was about Judea.
There was a patient both when Morris was
I regret when I urged him to go to the Bar, the Theatre!
Papa was against it. How irrevocable
& what, the Theatre: fumbling about in her mind (
she would penetrate Crosby off: & love in two women
She felt quite ready to start again — But
her own life had been broken up [long] times.
Celia rose.
We must make our appointment: then they make
Mama" She looked at her reflection & hissed flore
was listening to Sir William with intently.
He was obviously thinking that our future, as
Sir William meant him to Reggy was looking
down at his plate. Was he thinking
Reggy hung Oh my God oh my God as
Celia said to say, walking up Dean St
Drawing room at Shelter Terrace: he had his
perfectly non-committal look which people
have when they listen to [illegible] what

He had never
quite forgotten
Ott somehow.

intended for.

Hoyt

NYPL

cannot possibly affect them in any way.

"There he goes" the maid muttered, in a low voice:
"The owl" the maid called Eleanor after.
"You can tame him, he's so regular."

He made a break.

"We'll take our coffee on the terrace, shall we?" said Celia.

"We'll come" said Maurice. But as they left the room, Eleanor had a feeling that the men were all drawing up at the end of the table to talk about politics, in a conspiracy. She felt that they were glad that she & Celia & Peggy were going. She felt rather as she did in one of the Greek Chambers when the ladies had been shut out from some sacred rite; & again they had been shut out at Pompeii, because a picture was indecent. It amused her rather; it did not make her angry, as it made Rose. After all, ~~it was~~ ~~liked that best~~ the Chambers belonged to men; so they had a perfect right

~~the~~ Before Rose was back. She went up to fetch her glasses. Celia was pouring out coffee.

"He'll be back in three minutes" said Peggy. "He'll come along that hedge."

Eleanor followed her glances.

"What's all this about Rose?" said Celia handing her a cup.

"Rose," said Eleanor absentmindedly, "is telling just two lies" she added—

"Rose threw a brick—" said Celia.

"Yes she threw a brick at one of the windows in Downing Street" said Eleanor.

"Was she hot enough?" asked Peggy generously.

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"They let him off this time" said Eleanor. At three he is
the exclaimed. The blunt headed bird came stumping
up the hedge. He looked almost white in the
dark. "Has got a mouse in his claws" she
announced.

"He has his work in the Night" said Peggy.
"I do think it so silly — do Celia" said Celia.
"only countries men, makes them think us
ridiculous.

"Well but mummy we do pay taxes," said
Peggy.

There he is again, said Celia. Eleanor.
That a Starling said Eleanor. There was a
chattering in the distant elm trees.
The Starlings are at them now" said Eleanor.
"We had no work whatever to do Lucas Rose, or
the suffrage with Celia, Morris: she
knew so much what they thought:
she knew without asking what Lucas William
thought. She turned the talk away from
the dangerous subject.

"Do like me about William Heaney" she
said. "You know, I had not met him for
twenty years. He was
Peggy laughed.
"That must have been ages ago" she said.
"Such, not so very long" said Eleanor, a little hurt
"merely — twenty two years" Then she reflected:
"even before Peggy was born; before Morris
married Celia.

"But he delightful?" said Celia. He was
in India, you know. He
what history distinguished. He retired now; but
He talks of taking a house here. But Morris
thinks he'll find it too dull, after what
he's been used to ...

There he goes
Said Eleanor as the
owl came low
down the elm tree
close to them.

lonely way

NYPL

they sat silent looking over the meadows.

"It's going to be another hot day tomorrow" said Peggy.

The sky was a perfectly smooth grey blue, until it reached the horizon: there was a bar of pure green. Everything looked very settled, very still, very fierce. There was not a single cloud, & the stars were not yet showing. Eleanor began to lose her feeling that England was small & she began to lose forget her the sharp cliffs of the Blue & Cobalt & Black mountains. They were very beautiful too. Now that the sun had sunk, the trees began to lose their heaviness: the hills became sharpened & twinkling. The wood was on the slope was like a hooded man.

Now Lonely etc

"It's very lovely here" she said, as if she were making amends for her disloyalty.

"Yes, only Mr. Robinson doesn't build, as he threatens" Celia sighed. The Robinsons were the perennial local scourge — rich people who might build. "I did see them at the Bazaar today. I suppose I ought to speak to them but some people won't ask them. I say one must be polite to people in the country."

The sense of England I was suddenly taking in then

"They give ripping parties" said Peggy.

"Ripping — it's ripping" Celia complained half laughing. "I wish you wouldn't use George's slang." And Maggie insisted "The raid. Oh there are so many things I want to hear about" she added. "What about Sheldons Teresa? Have you had an 'At Home' yet?" They began talking, they had not seen each other for three months. There was a great deal of family news. Dr Cumberledge, rather as if he bottled pills Teresa was half held up.

And Maggie? she asked. When is her baby to be born?

"Not till October. I think" said Eleanor.

"But I do hope she'll be able to get" said Celia. "But

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with it could have been born in England."
"The French are very good at that sort of thing, I should imagine" said Eleanor.
"But I might be French, Maggie children - entirely French" said Celia. "René - René - it doesn't sound to me like a man's name" she continued. "one can call it Renny, mama" said Peggy. "But that sounds like Ronny - And I can't bear the name Ronny." "I'm sorry D'ye Maggie married a gentleman: the children will be French" concluded. Eleanor thought of a letter she had had from Elveria in Greece. a long letter, a letter describing the French people with whom she was staying. "D'ye ever see Elveria?" she asked, turning to Peggy. Peggy laughed again.
"Not since the famous occasion she said. when we took her to the Louvre on June" she added. "Ask Scott" to describe it." I rather liked her, she added. only the books so queer."
"It was such a lovely" said Celia. "
"But the way she dresses" the paused. "It was such a lovely" said Celia. The paused. The maid came out to clear away the coffee things. She began remembering with her accustomed memory her own a deep rooted envy for some mistake she had made at some time about the wine. "What were we saying?" she added when the maid was out of earshot. "About Elveria." "Oh yes, what a lovely [illegible] had very little no doubt. What a lovely [illegible] had no regular education of course. And they have been. Maybe she had very little fun now. Still I'm sure to see well: a nice [illegible] brother big [illegible] so much older. I think Dagley dying when he

The husband is said to be quite a nice gay man.

2 the Ropeleys are so very English

NYPL

did. But I do hope you'll persuade him to leave that dreadful place. I can't tell you what an expedition it was – we drove & drove & drove. I said to James, I don't think this can be the right. But it was. "Oh here we are, here they come."

There was the sound of men's voices & the slam of doors again. The chaps were rearranged, & they set looking across the meadow at the fading hills. Rather to the entire surprise of Eleanor the nephew & niece were so extraordinarily far from her. What were they talking & joking underneath? Three smooth pink & brown egg like faces. She noticed that Joyce was smoking a cigar, probably Sir William's gift.

There was no need to talk, however. It was so dark, so peaceful, so cool. The owl flew down the hedge again. They could only just see the flash of its wing now. The trees had become dead flat black against the sky. Then leaves made an irregular pattern, a pattern with holes in it. Through a hole she suddenly saw a star. She looked up. There was another star.

Yet funny to think of going to-morrow" said Morris. "Another fine day to-morrow" he added. Far away on a distant road they heard a sound of wheels, & then the short bark of a dog.

"Saturday night" said Morris.

But we are happy: we can't help being happy" Eleanor to herself, as she arguing with somebody; only but she had forgotten who & when. Happy: Ellen said they weren't happy: didn't want to be happy. For a moment she had an extraordinary pity & tenderness towards Sir William. You try to keep us out of things, but you can't keep us out of that. For the moment England seemed to her

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impersonal, restless, beautiful. And for a moment
~~the thought took~~ she had given her whole life to
England she felt: her for perpetually ~~beaten, failing~~,
interrupted public attempt to help the poor: her
three women under the sunflower and letters over
the door: & looking after her father: & thought, here
then in England" she felt suddenly overcome with
an emotion for something impersonal, restless, beautiful,
the flat meadows, the hills rising beyond. And
love are foolish: love can't help being foolish. The
thought, as if she were arguing with
somebody. But she had forgotten who it was.
with whom. Then as for a moment she had
felt an intense dislike, ~~an violent anger~~,
against William Bankes. "But I can't keep
help ~~my~~ having that "the thought, as if she were
had ~~that~~ taken a little candle with Mowbray
George, keeping her out; & for a moment,
the thought took the things she had done -
her table, often interrupted work. The three
flowers with the sunflowers, ~~sitting~~ with her
father - And I never took a penny for it"
& the thought. & they were a little ashamed:
& then for thinking of them.
A bat came swooping over them heard
Instinctively Celia raised her hand to her hair.
Eleanor knew what the were doing to her - about
bats getting ~~to~~ her hair. It wooshed again
~~or~~ close to their feet. It was getting
quite dark. The trees were scarcely
distinguishable. The hills had become
part of the sky. Somebody came out
onto the ~~front~~ behind them.
"Yes we're coming" said Celia. "I'll go"
"It's Mamer" she said to Morris & ~~&~~
She got up & went in.

Mowbray his Cigar.

Mowbray

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They sat on for a few moments & then they were all
went in.

After the dark the drawing room with its lamps
had the effect of a stage. Then was heard by
became old Mrs Chumley, ~~was sitting~~
in a ~~chair~~ an very old woman, ~~with~~ in a white cap,
was sitting in a wheeled chair to the
fire place, with her Ear Trumpet as if ~~the lord~~
made a formal & entry, wanted homage.
~~She was very~~ Ugly; she had a little hawk like
nose, much in very cheeks: & bright screwed up blue eyes
~~Not handsome~~ Admiral, ~~she was~~ the daughter ~~of an~~ Admiral;
& the widow ~~too~~. Sr Eleanor bent over her hand,
& she ~~one~~ more took ~~in~~ familiar proportions:
~~She was accustomed to very old people~~: so
she had brought her Father's chair for Jean & Jean.
~~She left that~~ She knew the whole procedure:
~~Each in turn said something to~~ Mrs Chumley
~~The~~ then difference & her, her courtesy to them; &
then the pause when she was no longer interested
in them & villain; & then the green baize table
the cards; & the old ladies pleasure; & her
& their willingness to play; not that they wanted to:
but it was rather pleasant, being children again:
& Morris calling her "Madam" & chaffing her;
so they played whist - the & Sr William against
Mrs & Mrs Chumley: & Reggy stunned
Pina & Celia over the piano: & Celia droned
over her embroidery - knitted & ~~now~~ & the
the mother darted from lamp to lamp, until
until the door opened stealthily, & "North",
a discreet black maid with a white shawl
over her arm, stood behind Mrs Chumley's chair.
Only that they were all overcome with sleep.
Celia ~~helped~~ ~~yawn~~ a ~~loud~~ ~~sharp~~ ~~took~~ & ~~put~~
her hand over her mouth. They began
~~little~~ ~~conversation~~ made little remarks & then
both suddenly short breaths & put their hands
over their mouths.

Come along

Lavery.

Glen
admiral.

The old
talking to table
from the jog.

The was
wheeled off
by her

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Come along Peggy. They went upstairs holding
their candles straight, for not to drop the grease.
Seagé jumped up with alacrity to open the
door for them.

"~~But do be careful~~"

He was going off to bathe. "Do be careful
her mother said, as the kind hen-dog upon
Peggy tagged behind. Eleanor heard them whispering
in the hall.

"Come along Peggy" "Oh Celia called
back over the transom. "~~You're not to go~~
~~with Seagé~~ "the road rather markedly
Peggy followed them & up into the landing.
The heather head & kind her mother obediently
But Eleanor felt almost outrageously that
there was a blot on it. Peggy ~~the meant~~ way
so bathing with Seagé in sight of her mother,
She moved to the room & undressed & then
what? Sitting down at the window?
Eleanor listened, at the undrawn & open
window. But she heard nothing; only the
trees rustled faintly in the jardin
outside. Perhaps she was mistaken.
How little we knew what the younger
generation was doing the night, remembering
the non-commital look on Mrs Lalor at
dinner. ~~And then how~~ Peggy had
laughed at the notion that Wetherby would
could ever have been young & handsome.
She lay in her night gown in the top bed
with only one sheet over her. The candle
trembled & died. The cat listening vaguely &
thinking of the younger generation. In
Then the night ~~it was~~ Elvira who said
one word "Faith" She had been comforting

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Elvira in the Garden after Dinner.

Aug. 7th

Oh the young generation "the thought again, as she lay listening. what queer ideas they've got in their heads. they don't believe any of the things we used to believe" the thought. Oh but I don't know, she rambled on. "we used to drive to mama too. Delia dressed up in a veil & walked down the Burlington Arcade... But Maggie, Elvira did all sorts of things we should never have dreamt of talking of... Rosie Jethro looked up one of those days... Really I could get red of Aberdour Terrace... Then I should pension Crosby off. Then I should take two rooms, somewhere near Hollythrift... It seemed to her that she was not at all old. She thought that her life was only just beginning. Then she looked in the china bowl beside her bed. There were lemon biscuits in it; & two pieces of chocolate, wrapped in silver paper. There were also Lambs tales from Shakespeare; Queen Victoria's Journal; your life in Hollands; & he drew a sonnet. The thought she heard a wind in the garden. But perhaps it was only the rustling of the trees. Where are we all going, the thought, pushing her finger between the pages of the book, & letting it lie in the sheet. Perhaps it was because she had been travelling lately so that seemed an odd thought. The ship were still pushing steadily along across the sea, & the train was still jolting along the railway lines: she felt that at any rate, a sense of Life at any rate was moving round her. Only

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Changes hours,
Changing views.

now strewn not the Candlelight, the sea. Nurses
& Mowers. George, Peggy, Elvira, Celia, ——
what did we hold on to in those circumstances
to steady ourselves by? God, said some people;
said God; some people said Reason; some people
said work; William Whatley said ~~the Empire~~;
~~he coughed~~ ~~he had just~~ ~~in the~~ the worm must bear it
& ~~cleared his~~ coughed — said duty to the state:
the thought of ash the psalm of talk at dinner, of
~~what after dinner~~: Nobody even now
ask what shall we? the we shaped
driven by hope, thirst driven by love. driven by
the anxious animal the body, so they
driven by love . . . the Levy the thirst; with a
stare a pleasure at having said word of something
for lucky upstairs. "I have the Levys" the
wheated. ~~You the tooth pick~~
Levy — I wish pension all crosby & the said
t hulp. Mantled Pauth felt on the floor.
The blew out the candle & fell asleep.

The hen nestled in her feathers. Nurse a ney
hot night. Nothing moved in ash the field.
The cows lay still, chewing the cud

The saw a
boy squalid
eyes fire an
fresh hole, in
the pair passed.
He looked at her
frame: I crooked:
a shepherd:

NYPL

Aug. 20th

Correction

Eleanor looked up. Delia Standing there defiant
disdainful looked for the moment rather beautiful —
with her head thrown back, her hair red in the sunset light.
But there was nothing to be said. How
could she go off alone, leave her husband, work
at music abroad! Eleanor knew, never
understood. But she would not help
her efforts did her best.

The dreary room at Aberdeen Terrace was a literal
prosaic, comfortless room by day; devoted
entirely to the consumption of food, but
at night when the with the candles
burnt, & the white tablecloth & there so
it had a was at its least prosaic. The
end of the day had been reached.
Colonel enjoyed his dinner.

smelling
Vegetables, &
food,

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Part Two.

Sept.

"This awfully queer" said Eleanor, "when you come to think of it"

Grown a little heavier, a little grey hair in her head, she was doing the weekly book at her mother's writing table. The remark referred to Bobbie's walrus. That ugly object had never been thrown away all these years; it survived: there was no reason why it should not survive for ever, that Eleanor could see. Why the power of an eighteenth century prince to arrest human bodies & lives & flights & marriages & breath, should suddenly seem to her queer, when she was doing the weekly book & were in a roaring hurry, she could not think. Nevertheless the way her mind worked: that was all. Thoughts formed in the dark, & rose to the surface But she never let herself give way to thinking in broad daylight. She had much too much to do. "Things become part of this" she said to herself. "That's why." She opened the butcher's book & glanced down the list of fillets of veal & mutton chops, & added the bottles 1.2.6 to her list. Then there was Brooks the grocer. Things become Maggi. The Everest powder. & Things become Everything is a part of something else. The weakness is meanness Last birthday - that's the walrus, having Evans work: Evans work. The added. Evans work: rather help. But how could they have Vienna oil that on milk? The flannel on the added the milk bill to the list. The books were kept as another

with the white spots & the patch of brilliant middle joke back

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Part Two.

Sept.

"This awfully queer" said Eleanor, "when you come to think of it"

Grown a little heavier, a little more set of grey hair in her head, she was doing the weekly book at her mother's waiting table. The remark referred to Bobbing walrus. That ugly object had never been thrown away all these years; it survived: there was no reason why it should not survive for ever, that Eleanor could see. Why the power of an eighteenberry piece of bone to survive human hardness & lives & nights & marriages & breaks, should suddenly seem to her queer, when the war, during the weekly books were in a steaming hurry, she could not think. Never the way her mind worked: that was all. Maggie formed in the dark, & rose to the surface. But she never let herself give way to thinking in broad daylight. She had much too much to do.

"Things become part of this" she said to herself. "That's why." She opened the butcher's book & glanced down the list of fillets of veal & mutton chops, & added the bill: 1.2.6 to her list. Then there was Brooks the grocer. Rabbits Maggie. The Queen's power & Everything is a part of something else. Things become mamma's last birthday - that's the walrus, hanging Evans' wash. Evans' wash. She added. Evans wash: rather high. But how could they have Victoria at that on milk! The Crown as she added the milk bill to the list. The books were high as another

with the white shots & the a patch of bristly middle July beach

NYPL

another thought was underfoot to the surface as she
totted up the total on her blotting paper.
"And we is all committed." "Committed" she
repeated. But the unpleasant size of the
total prevented the thought from forming even
into the modest coherence of the first thought:
She vaguely felt that she was alluding in a
vague general & unreliable way to this
fact that she had to add up the bookes: that
the books had to be kept: that they were
all grown up. mamma, at the end
middle aged — in that, as she had said,
unfortunately without thinking what she
meant — committed. Then she
gathered up all the yellow & blue
Tradesmen books, her account book —
went into the saloon to the
cheque

NYPL

27th 1883

25th Oct
1933

Ch II

Then & Now.

Eleanor pensioned off Crosby in such a fashion that Abercorn Terrace remained on her hands intact. The basement was against it, the agent said; also he remarked [illegible] were beginning to demand more lavatory accommodation.

The house boy who made the remark had hurriedly washed his neck in a sink, Eleanor noticed, before catching the waiting train, Eleanor muttered [illegible] therefore one must suppress one's smile. She was handing himself up by means of these absurd phrases. The stood some of the furniture: some she kept for her own flat at the Bayswater Road; & she bestowed upon Crosby who followed her with laughter-filled eyes over the kettle. the rest with rapture.

"You remember how it never boiled" said Eleanor smiling.

"Ah Miss Eleanor, I remember everything" said Crosby.

The problem of the mantelpiece was solved, or shelved. It occupied an honourable position in the mantelpiece in Crosby's room.

She was over seventy now, & would spend the rest of her days ~~in Ashburn in Pimlico~~ in a very small house, owned by her friends the Bents in Pimlico. Mr Bishop, a retired fur alderman had the top floor; the Bents lived on the ground floor; & Crosby had a small but neat apartment overlooking a garden at the back. She had always planned ~~known for many years that~~ this arrangement,

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for many years. She knew that it was the most intense
the family would break up on the Colonel's death,
but both she felt the parting more bitterly perhaps
than anyone. She had known every step, each board &
Every Hagstone in that large rambling house,
not as the Parsfields knew them but from
Ran up & down & went in & out, but from her
knees, as she scrubbed or standing
over the pantry table cleaning silver.
Anyhow she'll be glad to leave this basement, Crosby
said Eleanor, as they stood together for the last
time at the top of the kitchen stairs.
"It was my home for forty years" said Crosby
I did think she'd She had come when Eleanor was a child. "And
then we gave her, a few years ago, Bobby's walrus,
Father gave Eleanor a few chairs & carpets & this old tea kettle & this "this rattle
Mama Hooped & attached the chain -
Smelly, whenever unattached old dog.
You're sentimental, she said aloud, Rover too.
You want Lord Rover a home Crosby! Reliance
we could hardly lend him a nice home in the
Country." Crosby only pulled Rover to heel.
They started for the doorstep. Then she was
bloodily off in a tourwheeler to Pimlico.
Oh mem Eleanor! said Crosby. but Jean choked
her utterance & Eleanor, at the kind her, a
He walked off down Edwardian terrace
I don't hear He left around me ... & Jean choked her
Jean with utterance.
Rain Eleanor felt. Indeed it was a horrid storm,
so dreadful, so wrong; so horrid! so unfair
an emotion what priceless human emotion
for dogs, for tea kettles for old pen wipers.

NYPL

for many years. She knew that it was the most intense
the family would break up on the Colonel's death,
but with her left the parting more bitterly than
than anyone. She had known every step, cupboard &
every Hagstone in that large rambling house,
not as the Parfitts knew them but from as they
ran up & down & went in & out, but from her
knees, as she scrubbed & or standing
over the pantry table in the cleaning of silver.
Anyhow she'll be glad to have him - treatment, Crosby to
said Eleanor, as they stood together for the last
time at the top of the kitchen stairs.
"It was my home for forty years" said Crosby
I did think you'd She had come when Eleanor was a child. "
And then we gave her, a present, fifty pounds &
Father years a few chairs & carpets, Bobby's walrus,
Eleanor Mama's old tea kettle & this dog." She
Never work a stool - rubbed & attached the chain - "this rather
smelly, unattractive old dog.
You're quite sure, she said aloud, Rover about
You won't find Rover a bore, Crosby! Melanie
we could easily find him a nice home in the
Crosby." Crosby only pulled Rover to her.
They started for the doorstep. Down the way
bloody off on a tour wheeler to Publico.
Oh Miss Eleanor! said Crosby, but I can't choked
her utterance & Eleanor, as the kennel hid her,
wabbled off down Abbotsbon Terrace,
I can't hear to part with Rover. He left behind me ... & I can choked her
utterance. Indeed it was a horrid sight,
Eleanor felt. Why so horrid? So natural
so wanted, so wholesome; so to get so full of
an emotion what priceless human emotion
for dogs, for tea kettles for old pen wipers.

NYPL

For over a year, Rover represented all that ~~Crosby had~~ ~~lost~~ Absalom Jenna had meant to Crosby; he transferred to him many of the feelings that he had had for Colonel Pagilio, & took the additional tenderness, since he was now her dog, & depended entirely on her for his comfort.

But in March 1912 Mrs Bishop, the retired fur salesman, who had had a good deal to do with dogs in the earlier part of his life, ~~had to thank her head over the hopeless~~ had to tell Mr. Crosby that in his view ~~there was nothing~~ the poor old boy was better out of the way. Rover lay between them in his basket panting. ~~But Crosby would not hear~~ but. Bishop offered to ~~take him~~ would put him to sleep & Crosby moved for downstairs for the moment - ~~with Mr Bis.~~ to do it" said Mrs Bent,

Come along with me

lucky her arm high Crosby: "she said you don't want

It'd be for her good

to see him ~~suffer as he's suffering now~~" she added.

But Crosby ~~stopped her.~~ shook his head. In a muddled way he felt that the Upon the Colonel, & was the Colonel's dog; & she was Colonel, & was the Colonel's dog; & she was alive. Why, he wagged his tail - No, no, She demand her friends, & when asks another town dogs. Rover died, between two & three in the morning, wrapped in flannel, with few skills. Skiller, & at last seemed merely cold, only heavy, & ultra lly weak and worse without twitches, Crosby accepted the fact that her charge was over, & woke to tell Eleanor that the dear old dog & dear Rover died she hoped

In her as of course the Colonel had not.

He only replied, she said but added nothing more.

Then upon his pleasure to him:

with tin of beef essence

NYPL

When Eleanor had mastered the curious letter in which the death was announced— Crosby not only spelt but wrote by ear so that her letter ran for the

& traditional final "yours obed. Servant" was a volley of

Traced words with odd intervals— She ~~asked~~ effected ~~that~~ something must be done; & ~~She fancied~~ ~~over~~ the she effected that something must be done about Crosby; & had the bright idea that

one Bobby was now away in Wales. West & ~~Some Bobby~~ had always been Crosby's Darby, & must have work that needed mending. Crosby might be cooked so up weekly & fetch them. "I have been wondering if you could find time to look after Mrs Bobby's ~~two~~ under clothes," she wrote in her reply. In another letter she alluded to the distraction to Bobby. There were inevitable delays, & some ~~possible~~ misunderstandings, for

moments of doubt— Eleanor ~~could not~~ was puzzled Eleanor thought that poor old Crosby ~~saw through~~ the

under Crosby Cavish gratitude— ~~whom~~ saw that the scheme was merely a Charity— a ~~rep~~ throughout by a matron who had kept her for forty years in a basement— still, now that the basement had done its work what she could she did but after Dot- ~~when she was retired~~, ~~for better or worse~~ should but formally was arranged that Crosby called each weekly in Ebury Street, & keep ~~for it was this that~~ keep in touch thus— with the family. "after she when an old servant leaves her place, as much the same as a Bene member goes into an office," she reflected. "They both feel out of things & take to brooding. Now Crosby will have a cup of tea with Mrs B Ryan before Bobby's housekeeper takes the leave: & the ill

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talk about us, & that'll be ~~about make up~~
come much to the same as Rose" at any rate,
Anna the nearest equivalent that Eleanor could
~~Anne~~ devise.

Thus in April 1912 Crosby had established the
habit of going to Ebury Street weekly to ~~send~~ lend
fetch & clean Bobbie's socks.

She went to Sloane Square & then walked
She walked rather slowly, with her elbows jutting
out from her sides, as if to ~~keep a way for~~
~~heavily~~ ~~Confidence~~ bring on all a old, the loyal
her way through the haphazard ~~ship~~ ship of Great
upheld by an inner Confidence of virtue & purpose.
She ~~was~~ had to just ~~lately~~ in London
She felt much more at home in London
in London than in Barnes, though
Sloane Square was not ~~Aberlom Terrace~~
The ~~same~~ really as Aberlom Terrace.
~~Com~~ here were the kind of shops she had
was used to; the kind of homes, the same sort of
ladies & gentlemen. ~~The~~ ~~declared~~ ~~Barnes from~~
In her ~~heart~~ ~~the declared~~ Barnes profoundly.
~~&~~ There ~~Opinions & prejudices~~ More was
none ~~that mattered~~ provincially that
she felt profoundly at Barnes. There
~~lived the road as simple~~ ~~the way~~ ~~tried to serve~~
She remembered that Miss a General Gibbs
who used to call frequently at Aberlom
Terrace lived in Ebury Street. Then
~~And~~ ~~Away~~ her conversation with Mrs
Palmer, the housekeeper, was coloured
comes by these news, ~~for~~ Eleanor had
~~Served a Cup of tea~~ served her, for as Eleanor had feared, ~~that~~
~~Can~~ ~~with~~ they had tea together Mrs Palmer

The looked at the shops affectionately as the were.

NYPL

had already, ~~when~~ the third visit, been made aware to
understand that ~~the Bagshaw family was~~ that her
gentleman, the Celebrain, ~~came of~~ was related to
Bishop, an Earl, & had been accustomed all his
life to be waited on hand & foot. Crosby was
Every day, by a process ~~not~~ of natural selection
Aberdeen Terrace was enlarged duly in Crosby eyes,
& though the Skett Scruffield to say that the late
Colonel had kept a ~~man~~ valet, he ~~was~~
had gathered a ready old man who cleaned
boots, called ~~been~~ fetched & carried
of saying that as ~~some~~ scrubbed to increase
the number of servants kept at Aberdeen
Terrace, this had thrown, casually, on old
Felbrigg who sometimes waited at dinner
parties, as the Colonels man.
But the ~~had no~~ drobbed all these ceremonies
when Bobby. ~~Bobby came in, as~~
But her chief delight as ~~some~~ were to
have a word with Bobby himself.
"Well, Crosby, has the would treating you?"
he would say. She met her on the stairs:
she hoped that Mrs Palmer was listening.
Better still, the Celebrain might be in his
sitting room, & would Crosby send a message to
ask Crosby to look in on her way out.
He was sitting reading the paper, just as the
Master used to, Crosby felt, at eleven
o'clock in the morning. He was telling a
fellow bald, ~~but~~ he would be forty two on
June; the 20th of August. They always kept his
birthday with fire works. He ~~was~~ ~~making~~;
put down his pipe when Crosby came in;
taught her, just lighter, asked her to
take a look at this. under the collar

was 14 in
1880.

1912

NYPL

this pyjamas was a ~~small brown stain~~, hole
fringed with brown.
What d'you call that Crosby? he said.
Crosby adjusted her gold rimmed glasses.
~~He~~ It looks like, she said after a wise
consideration:
~~A burn. Perhaps where~~ ~~Did you know they~~ ~~tell me that that~~
Yes he never seen a hole like that
made by ordinary wear & tear have you Crosby?
"Never in my life Sir" said Crosby
emphatically.
Well then would you please take this
pyjama to Mrs Palmer ~~with my compliments~~,
& tell her with my compliments, that the
woman she finds ~~who knows~~ how
~~to wash~~ place where they
stuck the clothes on top the fire...
Oh Sir — Crosby protested. His gallantry
puzzled he he saw.
Tell her to find another laundry" he concluded.
But one must pass the time of day with
Crosby. Hows the ~~would~~ rheumatics Crosby he asked
as the door, very upright went the jacket in
her arm. In the door prepared to go wrong
was ~~Rover~~ The death of Rover had very
much ~~limited~~ their topics of conversation.
~~It seems rather strange at first~~ ~~Anne doesn't~~ ~~to find anything to say~~ " said Crosby.
Crosby shook her head. Banes was low. Compared
with Marlow Terrace.
Then they talked about Mrs Eleanor
new flat; Crosby was of opinion that
as the more hurry out, money about to
all those meetings. And the people is not

NYPL

work it in "the said reference to the Paravicanes, the Tweeglers & the Cobbs who used to come to the back door for old clothes.

And are you keeping pretty well, your self, master Bobby?" he asked.

Not married yet. Cranly said Bobby. To which Cranly replied, giving a glance round his own, with its leather chairs, its books, all on top of each other, that he would like to see a the man more than were plenty of this young Cranly — who would like to take care of him, upon which Bobby said humorously that "I like lying in bed & making Cranly" & you always did" the said.

& then drew himself up to look at his watch & say

"By Jove, it's time to be off."

It was time, for he had an appointment with his stockbroker. He had inherited some capital from his father & he was re-investing it. It was a fine morning & he walked part of the way. Cranly had made him think of his childhood; he had brought back the atmosphere of Aberlom Terrace. He had made him think how they had all lived together in that house — he thought what a miracle it was that he had never been found out; when he & two or three other boys had hired a room where they smoked & ran also there was the billiard club. (A good many things did go on behind the scenes at Aberlom Terrace. For he had had some very narrow shaves. [He remembered.] when Papa" he thought, remembering

That Cage we cannot know in all these details never.

NYPL

scenes at once had upsets. "a disgrace to the family name" & so on. Eleanor had had a dog's life she would say if any one had had a dog's life she would say if any one was getting on her nerves. There she was getting on too little for, & she had had a dog's life, always looking after the family. The whole system seemed to him abominable. He had cut free at last, but, my only by then the rest of the family he was the black sheep, the family failure. How he could a bag of fetters & do know what he wanted to be. "They think you into the army" he continued; & there the pubs & the pigs flicking; & so there you are". Other scenes came to his mind. He might have done this, & he might have done that. Well, never mind, he was had come off much better than most people; he concluded. He had only wasted twenty of the best years of his life. Others He might be in an office at this moment, or grinding away & not

at half past twelve he must cut from St Paul's interview, & strolled in the direction of Money interested him. He was good at money, just as he was good at chess. By using his skill he was no reason would probably never be in want of money again. He was taking to look up his Treasury of investments when he came out on the Churchyard & turned to look at the Queen's statue, & the stopped for a moment to look at the Cathedral St Paul's. Halfway up the steps, he saw somebody he knew — he smiled Eleanor Bazalgette. He smiled. She did not see him. She was standing, rather huddled a little, She reminded him of a bird, like a bird Unconscious of his presence, She saw the She did not

NYPL

scenes ~~at~~ over had upset. "a disgrace to the family name" & so on. Eleanor had ~~had~~ ~~went~~ ~~was getting on~~ had had a ~~dog's life~~ the worst of it as usual. There she was getting on for fifty now, & she had never had a dogs life, always looking after the family. The whole system seemed to him abominable. He had cut free ~~as~~ ~~soon~~ but, ~~my~~ ~~only boy~~ than ~~the rest of the family~~ he was the black sheep, the family failure. ~~Poor~~ dear could a bag of ~~letters~~ & so know what he wanted to be. "They make you into the army" he continued; & threw the pebble & the pigs flicking; & so there you are". Other scenes came to his mind. He might have done this, & he might have done that. Well, never mind, he ~~was~~ had come off much better than most people; he concluded. He had only wasted twenty of the best years of his life. Other He might be in an office at this moment, or grinding away ~~&~~ not at half past twelve he must cut from his interview, & strolled in the direction of St Pauls. Money interested him. He was good at money, just as he was good at chess. By using his skill he ~~was no longer~~ would probably never be in want of money again. He was turning ~~to~~ ~~buying up his~~ ~~the~~ investments when he came out on the Churchyard & ~~turned~~ to look ~~at the Queens Statue~~ & ~~the~~ stopped for a moment to look at the ~~Cathed~~ St Pauls. Halfway up the steps, he saw somebody he knew— Elvera Bazalgette. He ~~smiled~~ he smiled The was standing, rather hesitating, huddled a little, ~~He reminded him of~~ ~~for~~ ~~a bird~~, like a bird ~~Unfortunately~~ She did not ~~perceive~~ ~~her~~ ~~her~~ the did not see him. ~~Was~~

NYPL

~~knew that she was being looked at.~~ & her consciousness
as the child, kept up in the air, not moving but looking,
made him smile.
He ~~went up & stood to~~ walked towards her.
As he approached, she ~~turned~~, & her expression
changed ~~instantly~~ completely. ~~whether~~ She ~~was~~ annoyed or pleased?
he did not know.
"My dear Bobby" she ~~said~~, holding out her
hand. ~~was then~~ ~~what~~ her. "what are you doing?" he asked.
"I was thinking" she said, "of you".
They began to descend the steps. "~~And then I saw you~~" she
added. "That's what always happens" ~~she added.~~
you think of people, & there they are.
~~But you didn't come here to think of me~~ ~~he said Bobby~~
what were you doing before that?" said Bobby
Well Bobby dear," she said, pulling her arm through his,
~~Now~~ ~~Before~~ time for dejeun ~~the~~ walk. I'll tell you.
But before then.
Come & lunch ~~with~~ ~~then~~" he said.
well he ~~To begin at the beginning~~ "She went on, as they walked,
Maggie manner ~~Maggie~~ got a baby
"So I hear." said
And the baby cried. And ~~so Maggie~~ stamped
~~has come~~ said shrugged ~~up~~ through the air,
after breakfast, ~~began~~ the maid came holding the child
wrapped up in a ~~sort of~~ shawl; wrapped up in a
pink shawl, howling, howling - like a cat you know,
one ~~doesn't~~ ~~expect to hear~~ ~~as we do at~~
in an enthusiasm, threw. - she said to me,
~~Jones~~ ~~take~~ the child from the nurse, the said,
~~It's no good to talk now.~~ : she said
~~Mary I could have told her myself.~~ I could have told her that myself
So you marvelled over the baby? said Bobby.
Yes they ~~are~~ the rooms in a row. did you?
well ~~to talk~~ the long ~~evening~~, I thought
begins in the middle of the night really" said
Eleven. They were now in the crowded

NYPL

narrow street near St Paul's.

"You know where I'm going now? High up, I'll look over the entablature. They ring bells in the middle of the night. And I was roused from my sleep by those bells: & looking for a book to read, what do you think I found? The Bible. Job. The New Testament. So when Maggie said to me, taking the baby on her knee, & beginning to undress her breast, 'If you don't like this, why not Jo?' I said, thinking what ~~an idea~~ ~~to read~~ that book about. I ~~will find out~~ Job — ~~let's look at it to the test~~ ~~I'll have a shot at it~~. I'll take the bus to St Paul's. And you've been to ~~many~~ service at St Paul's I said Bobby, guiding her down the narrow street towards the Restaurant where he usually lunches. They entered the hot room.

"Would you like to lunch at a city chop house?" he Bobby said, leading the way up a narrow alley. "That's Paternoster Row."

They stopped & looked up & down the famous lane, where books seemed to be rolling down shoots in great numbers. Then they went on to the eating house where Bobby used to lunch when he was in the city.

"I'll be rather crowded & rather hot I'm afraid" he said, pushing ~~through~~ open the swing door, "but if you want to see the City man —"

The room was crowded, as he had foretold. But, shepherded by an obsequious waiter, who seemed to know him, they found a table in a corner, & Bobby hung his bowler on the rack & sat down.

"Now, what would you like to have?" he said, taking up the card.

"That" said Elvira. She pointed at a

What is Job about,

NYPL

vast joint that was being trundled from table to table on a trolley.

"And to drink?" said Bobby.

"We'll start with the best that" said Elvera, indicating a large tumbler, the top half of which was coloured exclusively of pale yellow froth.

"Bring us that" said Bobby; "and I shall have that" "Mum's the word."

"Be so kind as to bring the cider" I said the attentive waiter.

cider's all right drink for you.

"Cider? I felt nothing" "Cider? I felt nothing" said Elvera. "And I walked up the aisle," I felt nothing: " I looked at Nelson's statue," I thought that, felt, that the British lion I said

only that thing's worst dog.

~~it's like an old absolute dog, Bobby:~~ the worst of dog they keep in restaurants in a chain.

"The flags?" said Bobby interrupted.

"Yes. As you do in the pebble of Inkerman."

"Where my father lost his fingers" said Bobby.

uncle John was killed on the Coldstream Guard, remember.

"I felt nothing" said Elvera. "Nothing whatever. Ten years ago, I felt, let me see, something, Dublin. Dismiss the friend her fingers on the table cloth. "And it's all gone, Bobby." she looked him in the face.

"You're an old rooster, Bobby" said Bobby, looking at her two. She had taken off her coat, her delicately gloved hands rested, perfectly.

"And what about you?" she said.

well I'm doing rather well at the moment," "I'm an entrepreneur too" he said.

Oh I'm an entrepreneur too" he said.

The joint was now rolled up alongside. The man in a white apron made long skilful incisions laid strips of meat on each of their plates. Roast potatoes & brussels sprouts followed; They ate in silence.

"This is some idea of Heaven" said Elvera. Perfect meat, perfectly cooked. A kind of rapture begins at the base of the spine & spreads upwards, when it comes to the nape of the neck, there's a tiny lag between one's shoulder blade. And now & I add just one

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up of this —" She raised her glass & drank.
"There." She put it down. Her eyes glowed.
"Yes, they knew how to cook saddle of mutton here"
said Bobby. "But what were we saying?
talking about? Oh the flags. You don't get a
thrill any longer. Stop, here is an old Jerusalem:
aren't we! The standard of Bishops."
from the tattered banner that you
rags & all that. It doesn't work any longer.
You were laughing at the Brutal Army
no longer thrills you."
And the chariot of St Michael & St George"
And then you said "Oh I'm —"
"I'm"? for what? Perhaps I meant "I'm an old
fool too." But you were thanking me, "I was
As I came up the steps, you said
thanking you. "What were you thanking me?"
"I was saying "There Bobby now. There are a
two people I respect, I said to myself as
church; which had attracted me
myriad things — but that all
chimed up into a million things; there are a few
people I like. There Bobby, and what
that was then: how you left the fire with
matches in the jungle. Eleanor told me. You
were just alone. Sometimes I suppose you
might hear a few cone drop. Sometimes a
rubber in the heart. And then it was getting colder. Colder.
And you looked in your pocket & you had only
two matches. And one went out. But the
second one caught. The whole fire blazed up.
And you a little heap of burnt paper was
blown to you. & you read it & on it was
written — you do not wish the story now, Bobby.
As far as I remember it was a Government order
for the prevention of Rhinoceri. Eleven.
And you said to yourself "I'm damned if

NYPL

go on with this humbug.
"It's your story, not mine, Elvira" said Bobby.
look that's what I was thinking," said Elvira; "and
then I saw you. A nice old boy, rather battered:
green eyes are your good point Bobby. The
less that's said about your nose & mouth the
better. And you're shabby. I suppose you must
often have felt, when people compared you with your
brother Edward, "I'm the merely failure"
Yes, I have felt that" said Bobby. And you,
Elvira? what about your humpback?"
Ah that's a very different matter." I...?
And what are we going to have next?"
The waiter was presenting the card upon them.
The meat course was finished.
"Apple tart & cream. Caramel custard. Fruit-
Custard. Lane biscuit & Stilton cheese.
Biscuit & cheese. & a cup of coffee to follow"
said Elvira. And the order was given.
"I'd like to lunch here every day for life" she
said "just to look at the people. Look, Bobby:

NYPL

"And for Bobby?" she asked.
Oh no, it doesn't touch me" he said.
"No. ~~On the other hand~~, he changes, you know.
~~You're changed~~" said Bobby. "You don't talk quite as much as you used to do."
Well then I walked up the aisle, & there was an elderly man with a shopkeeper class mark & long beard yellowish at the tips, praying. And beside him was a woman, highly respectable but far from attractive, praying. They were both covering their faces with their hands.
And the organ was marching softly from step to step.
And you were overcome with emotion.
Yes. a bad one?
"I should think so. Perhaps not so bad as I shall think so too. One day. But is there nothing that remains changes. But ~~is~~ there nothing?" Bobby?
Not for us.
But for them?
Because they're dead such dull lives — poor respectable shopkeeper & his wife.
"I see." said Elvira. The light was greenish grey.
~~Poor James Vitae, that was written over one of his~~
Doors. Two white ~~to~~ chalky. And
A Font here, there, like the sugar on cake. And here, there a scallop. a Sloomb: &
a Chapel, where the knights go to pray. No, I said to myself. I don't feel that either. That's where Uncle Paul used to go when he'd done arranging his stamps. & when he at last left the room, poor Hilda heard a sigh of relief. because then she could - pull up her chair to the fire, read ~~some~~ about the

But what were they thinking? There's never, words. What else!

NY.

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Francis Royal, shall we say. And then, when
and I came into the store, I thought to myself, what
remains of all this? - what's the meaning?
always speaker me, Bobby: ~~At~~ The tooth of Tot.
There should be lions roaring, ~~yellow~~ sand:
is a savage religion ~~not~~ There should be lions: sand:
a man rotting in a camp tin: — that's how I
Came to think of you. Then Bobby I began

And
But why were you thinking about me? said Bobby.
Because, ~~Bobby~~, I was thinking of Job. I was ~~caught~~ him
thinking of sand: death: savage: suddenly I ~~remembered~~ him
you were lost in the jungle. You rot by yourself, a
A few decades, death, colder, cold. You become
near thorns. A dead thing
It was a very near thing" said Bobby, beginning to eat
his ~~mutton~~. They ate for some time.
"This is heaven" said Elvira, putting down her knife &
fork. A kind of rapture starts at the base

Taken 4/9 Yes it's the best meat in England" said Bobby. He
drank.
You're an odd fish" he said looking down his glass.
The last time I saw you, you were, taking notes.
D'you do nothing but take notes!
"Because ~~the bottom~~ ~~you~~ I can't understand what they mean.
The article. ~~You see~~ I read bits & fragments;
for instance ~~the people praying~~ what does
in the ~~depths~~ of my mind. why were they praying?
~~being~~" for example. What did they see when
they shut their eyes?"
Well I saw you, too." said Bobby. He smiled.
~~I thought that~~
And you smiled" said Elvira.
Yes. I thought you looked an odd fish.

NYPL

How much d'you mind, he added, being—
a hump back? It cut off a great deal. On the other hand
Even I, Bobby, could feel something warm, pressing
nearer & nearer up the steps. What would a beautiful woman have felt & wondered?"
And Now with Edward" she added, "you feel nothing."
Well Edward's is a very different person from mine" said
Bobby.
"Yes Edward very good to young men" said Sylvia.
I take your meaning. It makes a difference, doesn't it?
Oh Je. It's the difference in the world. In that case,
you shut off the comfortably.
And what does it feel like?"
A winter day. A pure cold light." Snow talks"
They laughed.
"But even Edward loved a woman once: Kitty Malone—
a Woman and being he didn't marry her. He'd have
been more of a human being."
Did he now? Well, what does it make you do?
Love everybody. Love cats, love dogs, love plays: love
where people get together & eat, & love
"His Edward's kind of love.
Sylvia. But I have a dear & prejudice against it."
"I don't feel it" she pressed her hand on. "Feeling is
That's the only test. Do you ah.
How is right that wrong."
Bobby Apple tart, Cream Caramel. Fruit
Custard. Laughter Cheese & biscuits—
What'll you have now? said Bobby.
You're an odd fish he said. The first time I
Yes. you. You were taking notice
Breaking off fragments yes. Why do people do
the things they do do?
"Lovely to come a long. Sylvia."
He said his hand. Hullo" he said. And he

NYPL

A man who had just come in beckoned to him. They stood talking with animation. Elvern looked at them. The man he was talking to was a large man, in a tweed coat: he had a white face, shaped like a wedge; seemed come down with weight, a salesman upon any fact Bobby climbed to his chair.

A chap I used to know in the army. Now a Worthington. Hadn't seen him for years.

What have we to pay, said Elvern

But if you do nothing but take visits, he asked,

Elvern, he calmed. It's not enough, you know.

Work, taking visits, he seemed a heavy day. D'you find a satisfactory occupation Elvern? Is it

Stroop? Talking notes.' Do you contemplate a whole

life's work in writing St Paul's."

He raised his hand again:

That we in this generation mean that there is no standard, nothing

I take that to a caper?

"No law giver" "Oh but Bobby, we feel.. we feel.

Think of St Paul's. The mere hazy about the future."

& the light changes & the heat. The cold; & come flies

smell. And then come out into the lighting day.

And the roar of the traffic. And then tadoles

mouth; & a little taut. & a cab." But take

Ye. Elvern he said, that's all my work.

Rose now. She's in pain

Elvern started.

He leaned and silent.

"Jen is thinking of — " he asked. He saw

I was thinking that my Rose at the moment

She's in pain for the child a wisdom.

you know Rose — the then very delimid looking

woman. It's not pain of the agonies.

She's in pain you know. She smiled a wisdom.

Because she believes — let me see, what does Rose

believe, "

oh voler la women " said Bobby.

Make us

There are millions of fetes Elvern" she said.

NYPL

"How can she be such an
She a person! She's doing a hanger Bride"
They come & just meet under the sun. And the sun does as
She's in a cab; she's sitting on a linen lapped stool.
She's in a cage; she's sitting on a linen lapped stool.
Mrs by her keep. Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. I'm dead I'll
do. Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. Mrs. Mrs.
The week. The. Damned if I do. The eyes.
Something the root I suffer.
Bridegroom. He adds that she may belong to a
society like this. A convict society. A beauty
society. A mean society. A society of many
makeups. A society where nobody believes. Not
prelude & Infinity. By God, no Bobby.
ag heaps & subterfuges. No Bobby.
No Bobby no Bobby - he mitched his.
What what and do you do you hear do you hear two Bobby
a dear Elsie.
"I walk the Block"
"And has no sense, with you Lyon.
When walking Bride, watch the sun.
Nonsense. What you - I do is to take the dogs
for a walk. Just flowers & weeds. Yes - I love
with your brother John, in a letter."
Elsie took up a fork, made a mark in the
table cloth -
Yes my dear, it'd be no good taking notes then.

NYPL

St Paul's, I think. I wish we knew what people feel
when they pray." Bobby? a kind of mixed middle feeling." The worst thing
Crosby felt when the comes to me." I reflect.
I'm God to Crosby.
But St Paul's is a very fine church."
Not as fine as St Peter's."
And people have been praying for almost two
thousand years.
"Oh much longer than that. Ten thousand perhaps.
"All were, all powerful Maker Bobby" says
Crosby when the boys in your church make
And if you're like a heap of irreverence on the
Dreary table she actually clasps her hands in prayer.
And your women, boys, the worship them. Mutters.
And upon it in a temper, after a night debauch,
the while they seem to be covered with dust and.
& often fling her a word as you pass her on the
stairs she takes her old mop & dusts it into
Paul & hunts into song. We wrote the history of
religion I thought with One day in a servants life:
a teaching of Christ... that the way to write
the history of — But St Paul's is a very fine
church. And people have been praying for
almost two thousand years.
Ten thousand perhaps. They used to pray to the
Some times one, often all." The only man who
Ever once kind inspired me was an Indian
something or other."
"What man were talking to," said Silvia, "he"
indicates the man Bobby had spoken to — "he"
?"
believe —
Oh, he believes in money, & in women."

NYPL

in rather a special sense."

The coffee had been brought them.

And coffee for two" said Bobby.

Talking cheerily" said Elvira, that is not great
home with the coloured glass in the windows —
it's just out it?

where did you live? Is that?

If you want a cage, well built, rather
rambling family mansion, with one bath room,
a basement, and bath, you can
have it for two hundred pounds a year Elvira.
I remember Uncle Abel standing in front the
fire place in a light frock coat, simply money in
his pockets: he had one finger. Shiny
knuckles. But I liked him a great deal
better than my father.

Eleanor went to get them the liqueurs" said Bobby
There was a picture of a girl in white: a tree in the
back Garden..

Rose I used to shoot Mrs Pym's Cats"
She's in prison, by the way" he added.
The coffee was set down in front them.
A cigarette?" he asked.

And the" Selecting a happy stick.

As the Parson" said Elvira.

Bobby nibbled at the end of a cigar.

"I am treating myself to this luxury in your
honour" he said, lighting it

Grant you a Parson surely he said.

"D'you think I'd go to prison?" said Elvira,
curling her upper lip.

"You remind me of whom that dog to bite
when you do that" said Bobby.

NYPL

~~You have the family temper after~~ he added.

~~Asking for a vote~~. Although he made a member go
bodily what ~~you~~ don't respect, what ~~you~~ don't
believe in? ~~And throwing the whole~~
what ~~has lord you in so many words~~ it went has ~~you~~
And then ~~Rose~~ ~~going~~ down on your knees.
~~Lord Bobby what do you take me for~~ I'd
smash that man's window after last time a
vote. ~~Never a bait~~ I'd throw a brick ~~so that~~
~~A~~ a knock the coronet off his head as
he sat a breakfast eating a kipper with a
silver knife. under the portraits of all the
Prime ministers who dared offer me a vote"
said Glenn. He ~~had~~ trembled slightly
Bobby watched a the letter agarette
A weakly like the "the cautious. "A
money making words. A vaguely wherewithal
between a word he says. ~~Never a~~ followed,
listening a hopeful. And then those
~~goes~~ down on his hands & knees & says
Oh please my lord duke, do let me be a
member again young." And when
they say. "in the pitiful tone. damn you,
we don't want you, ~~you~~ ~~asked~~ ~~Always~~ of
~~who has begun by her tone~~ says
Praise the Lord, now ~~I'm~~ I'm just what
Corruption, Rose takes up a brick once
boulder you, hides it under his coat, a
Knees at Mark, at the old hero
~~wounded~~. ~~Have~~ ~~the says~~ ~~I see you in~~
Well that's one point gone
Are you taking vote? " said Bobby.
He's long hyper thinker as the " said

take ~~—~~

NYPL

Rather admire her nerve said Bobby.
Yes. It a very unpleasant thing to do. I ~~rather~~
admire ~~her nerve said Bobby.~~ hope Shirley.
Yes

Yes. & you smell it. The effect of lack of hygiene
water in the houses" Reuben, my dear Elven,
you cant help buy a membership the Society in the
Cafe Ritz.
"The Patriarchy" said Elven.
The Patriarchy Ha. You pay taxes. Only you is not
allowed to say how the money shall be spent. For
instance the Boer war "Tell me what you did in that
where you stayed during Under ~~it~~ things. In the Zeppelin raid I was up
That's a story for another day. you had to pay for a
~~was it whose object was to~~ the object of that war, among other things, to get
vote for the Englishmen there. Well?"
in for them Jews it so may turned every a
Jew" said Elven. But I say Jewess, I remember
a days life, when in an office raging two
five mates two. Get somebody to do it
or the Streets wouldent be ~~last night those~~ paved
And the Transvaal wounds star. ~~That was~~
Thanks ever so much for doing a dandy job, I say.
worth a cheque for 5 pound ten- two is quite
"But Rose says she'd like them to do another
Saturday job: a she'd like to do it today. Wade?"
Sheeran, once I'm a member of this family" She
waved her cigarette; I'm committed, I seem to
me, Bobby, to ~~staying~~ a part of his
like ~~her for the rest~~ of this to begin the
day with Lou to continue Wade his to end it
with her to nothing but his. Lou, his
Lou: I've got to see in an office. Tell his

NYPL

ance I'm a member of this society, this patriarchy —
Yes Bobby. Rose is a fool. Tell her so
next time you see her, with my love."
The man to whom Bobby had spoken touched
him on the shoulder as he went out.
"Wednesday at 8" said Bobby. The man
nodded & went out.
Bobby made a note in his pocket book.
"But you're a fool too — I may say so"
he remarked. "A greater fool than Rose."
A silly ass."
"Was that what Marguerite says. Yes?"
"Because you're only two silly a year as you"
"And some jewel".
"Cab at the door."
a European war, and the sentence goes
but, — you don't even know the way
where your money's invested. Then Mrs
Elvera Payne, instead of going to the
question of Job, will do what?
There's nothing you can do. You're not
educated — and barely — well, what would
You do then? Set up as a
Rest
with my legs.
And you're no use at a profession:
You don't even know how to earn a living.
"I can't
"Therefore I
You'd have an the charity of your relations:
Five pounds here. Five pounds there. And
they're relations."
Elvera took up a fork that was left on
the table. She drew with it on the

NYPL

I wonder who has

The professions are all that is

Lawyer.

What a pleasure that woman must have

the table cloth. "Take those clothes for washing" "in Rich Street" "The professions aren't open to women" he added. "You is not allowed to earn your living. You is a parasite, Elverie. You is living on your father's money."

"Woman's work is a matter of fact" said Elverie "My grandmother" said Elverie "was a beautiful woman, so I've been told. You know, when I'm hard up, I say to myself, as I take a heard, or maybe a ruby, round the corner to the jewellers, 'How I hate you, I say to myself, That woman must have had' a happy hour – that's a whole night's worth on each of them ones. And I like to think she dealing out" "down the mantle steps in the dawn." But Rose says the professions aren't open to women."

The waiter came with the bill, Bobby stopped two coins on to the plate, & the waiter departed, discreetly carrying the money with the bill.

"And I agree with her" "said Bobby. "They should pay for your lunch eh!" He tipped the waiter, again the ceremony with the coat – was gone through, the coat was tugged down at the back, his hat – were handed him.

2

"~~But~~ my dear Bobby if only I'd known
I was going to meet you, I'd have put on my
best clothes" ~~And they wouldn't have amounted to much~~"
You great grandmother's sables are getting a little worn
Eloise" I shall have to spoil
And if I go to Spain this summer ~~lot women~~ "Carlos"
~~break into~~ buffo the heart ~~…~~"...
But you know Bobby" she looked at her hand
again; "it's a differently ~~unfortunately~~ problem situation. Look at that
~~hand~~ ~~I've never earned a~~ ~~bee women~~ in the ~~woman who has~~ life
~~hand~~ ~~has never earned a penny~~ that on the hand in 2, by you. ~~the tradition~~ I've
that ~~never earned a penny~~. that
inherited. Work as much as you like, that
~~hand says~~ to me, but ~~never take money for it~~
don't be paid for it. Now your hand" they looked at her hand
~~lead it~~ has ~~always been paid for it~~."
~~which is the better~~? "That's my tradition. Whereas
I've been paid, yes." Now
your hand — yes it ~~has~~ always been paid. Then
which of these traditions is the better?
which of these civilisations? Mine, or yours?"

NYPL

"That's the question" she said.

Taken

"You look all the better for your lunch Bloom" said Bobby as they stood on the pavement.

"Yes, always a hearty lunch - but not every day. But ah woman! Ah, I should take to cigar smoking. Then to handle cash. And in two or three years - no like boy in London would be safe from me. At the age of sixty they'd make me a Baronet. And by the time I was 70 I should be in the House of Lords."

Am I going to drive you in a taxi to the Reverend Pond?" said Bobby.

Or shall we go to St Bartholomews the Great?"

No I've had much of churches. Let walk

Maybe the Strand of London. Eating"

"But I've got to look at my Club"

Well then let's look in your Club"

But you'll have to wait outside."

I like nothing better. I like watching people going in

& out & thinking —"

They were walking on side by side. In silence.

Bobby "No. Gloria You has not solved the whole problem of human life" said Bobby. as they walked up Fleet Street.

The Standard. What?" she asked.

"I was thinking of the two accountants" he said.

Being paid for what work & not being paid.

Oh Let's leave the argument where it is. A

look Let's float down the stream ... There's nothing in the world so beautiful as this. I sometimes

Thank Heaven" I don't admire the Law Courts" he replied

Thank & Manners" as they walked under the lee

the lee-shore in a wing.

NYPL

"Poor old man," said Bobby as they passed. Lawyers in their gowns were rarely in evidence but he presumed he was right in that. "Nobody need be a lawyer if they don't want to be."

"That's where you mistake," he rebuked. "Do I want to go into the story? Do I want to waste twenty of the best years of my life?"

"No, but you swallowed the bribe, Bobby. You went to Eton, then you went to Oxford or Cambridge." Such, to educate you, two or three thousand pounds must have cost to educate you. You went to Eton & then you went to Oxford. You can't help it; you're a member of the race, willy-nilly; I'm not." Entering the Strand they plunged into the press. "You read the Scrapbook down in the mud of the battle you threw down you rush," exclaimed — what was it you said?"

You can't help it, yes,

They were now caught in the crowd going into Charing Cross. People were buying papers in the waiting round the news-vendors' barrows. Newspaper bags were holding their placards against the legs of passers-by. Men were buying papers as they hurried past or went in to catch Bobby buying a paper. He opened it at the Stock Exchange news. Bonds came up. Nothing. "I went on again.

"Not that bus — this one" wait a moment," he said.

They climbed on to it. "Start," he said. "We're going to Hyde Park Corner," he said. "Yes. That all right," said Jack, folding the paper. "I've made twenty thousand this morning, Elvira. I don't object on the whole to being a member of the society. "I'm a member of the society," said Elvira

NYPL

you could get a nice dress for that" said Elvera. "Let's
jump on the bus & buy it".
"No, we shall choose it for her" he said.
"She's a nice woman" said Elvira. "I'd like to
marry her myself". Some day I'd like to marry me,
some day I'd like to marry me. But shortly
the time I'd do was dine down
Piccadilly in an omnibus; what's he doing, what's
the day? I like asking myself questions
a nodding I reply "That's the answer". And
I [illegible] look up my train & step
And then, Bobby. coming up the steps of St
Pauls. & the church. there no answer to the
question at all."
"Yes he said with a little sigh. facts are stubborn
things. "It gave a queer little sigh.
"The Home Fleet has been ordered to the Mediterranean"
he read; the paper lay on his knee.
I wonder what's at the back of all this" he said,
It's what went on reading the paper.
A touch of [illegible] You might as well read Little Arthur History of
England" he said, a little, crumpling the
paper together, & throwing it under the seat.
"Come along we get off here"
They had reached St James's Street. He
walked as quickly to his Club. Elvera loitered
waiting for him. In a few minutes he
came out & joined her. "he said,"
"he'll take a cab to the Park" he said," "
walk across the Park. A little exercise, Elvera"
He helped her in to the cab.
"No. you know, he said, you can't do it."
"What?"
"Do. Work, remain outside. what
you do. you whole position. Remain
outside." Upon a chair in the window

NYPL

taking note. That was my first introduction to Jo.
D'ye remember, Jo had a little bird chapter in
Pen at? Well, you can't [illegible] that all
your life. Ah.
Oh the Bagster. The Bagster" she claimed
You may be right. Only I never took the brute
died?" My education can't perhaps
the difference, Bobby: There are Jo.
suppose my father spent a hundred pounds a year on my education;
Oxford? Also about two or three thousand
pounds in solid cash. — all this" She waved
her hand at the club windows. Maybe a Duchess
have proceeded down Piccadilly. I'm sure
"You're drawing two pounds a year for life all"
he interrupted
And of course that's many a fortune. I'm too
"two pounds ten a week jewels."
But that's not the ads I may — you can't do it"
She tapped her knee. because —"
he stopped. "I'm really rather horrified with
myself" he added. "Do you know what I was
about to say? Something so horribly sentimental
that you'd have stopped the cab & jumped out"
"But I know it. Let me see. It was about a
woman we passed in the Strand, opposite the
Law Courts. Really nobly. The headdress any more,
& the head pulled a straw hat down over eyes.
And I thought to myself, what must feel like, simply
putting that hat on every morning! was that it?"
"Oh more than; but rather worse. It was
about loving one's neighbour. Yes. Elvira;
you've shed the Bishop, but I haven't." Now you
see why me dust you?"
"But I'll tell you a secret, Jim:
I can't walk
great deal more nicely
cost 150:
Horribly is an odd w

NYPL

along the Strand without tears in my eyes. Think of a straw hat ... a nose with only two nostrils. Such is a heartly sentimental feeble emotion I ought both to be ashamed of ourselves" and then "Yes. Tears are always wrong" I don't like tears." "Not to Papas Club" said Robby. "Not the poor old boy with the hollow heart when life in that window."

"There another old boy there now" said Elven. "Rather like him."

"Ten to three" said Robby looking at his Check boy Hyde Park Corner. The Cab stopped. "We've lots of time. We can walk" he paid the Cab- "all the way round the Park." "Yes" round Round Pond at four" he asked.

"D'ye really think there's no difference between Jove?" I shrewd Mark she said the difference at four between the round pond at four, a kid's muddy colour, this I see the scene in my mind Maurice Maggie sat on a green chair, with a book open on her knee. Maurice is also there- and the prams between them. And Maggie say ...

But what about your brother in Law? D'ye like him? "They had crossed the road, were now on the grass. The first

Yes Cry. "There ye say to Judy "What a tribute to my own humanity" And it was." said Elven —

The nobility mechanical.

NYPL

I've not allyethe shed. my grandfather. the Bishop.
"There are depths of sentimentality
Yes." he paused.
in both ayes."
"Yes, that straw hat, the ~~dark~~ mortals
Slanted with alas the grand "
walk out any more. The tears coming to my eyes.
And you think to yourself, "what a
It's a horribly sentimental feeble emotion. We
ought both to be ashamed of ourselves.
That, to me, worse far." said Elsie. "That's the Bishop in
Theatre. "Then it won't be said, Cuthbert, cutting the
top off his egg; whereas that - she howled to the dog
who was ~~plague with the cat~~ is the height of
me jewels in ~~old humbug!~~ or words to that
effect." "Old humbug!" Naturally any other
Capital immorally
grandfather rose to heaven in a chariot flame."
Children on
It was an ordinary day other grandfather.
Bobby leant forward & rapped sharply on the window.
The cab stopped beside the clerk outside the
Park.
"The children on the lighthouse clapped their
hands with joy as the flared past "the caged
person ~~sitting on~~ jumping on the cab, & funny
No only ten to three, said Bobby, "we've
plenty of time we can walk
Clapped the hands & said to themselves, There a
light in the sky. A red flash. I'm devoutly
the death of my grandfather," she said. Amen
we want any principles whatever.
Most old drunken men
You're sure Maggie said the Reverend Pond at
John," Bobby cried.
Oh yes I said the Lieutenant at Jail
Island have seen a silver gal. The
Reverend Pond at John — that's a very different

NYPL

On Sat. Round Pond at four, Round Pond at four - He'll
be sitting on a green chair with a bag of sweets on his
knee. baby's pram with he means a ~~perambulator~~ they left behind by Robin Rus.
The ~~perambulator~~ "
They crossed the road, ~~by the Statue~~ & were now on the grass.
The chairs were ~~spirited~~ full of people waiting on ~~of~~ for
some thing to happen. The afternoon sun was bright &
but ~~the wind was~~ there was a breeze, & the clouds
went ~~together~~ moving across the tops of the trees.)
Riders came Cantering to the end of the Row,
pulled up their horses with a lurch, & turned
them round to canter the other way. Bobby
~~Last on the rock~~ & watched them. ~~It~~ The afternoon
sun was bright, but there was a ~~the~~ wind, &
the clouds travelled over the trees, ~~in the~~
over Park Lane, away in the direction of the City.
In the clear spring air, everything looked snowy,
freshly cleaned, & there were ~~spanks~~ of blue,
purple, yellow in the flower beds.
Bobby turned & walked across the grass.
"When ~~you~~ come to my age," he said "~~it~~ ~~is like~~
~~spring better than autumn~~. "~~The standard of~~
The standard of ~~reding~~ reading" he ~~stopped~~. But ~~when~~ I was
going to ask ~~you~~, ~~there~~. The man still looking at the rider.
saw her & came. "~~Do you want to walk by yourself~~?" he demanded.
"What a fool one feels when one rides a thing"
the other person's not there" he said
They walked on together.
"Everybody does it" she said. In fact, they
heard three people. Each was more or less unlucky
an elderly woman. with her hand
~~Exactly~~ ~~They are for walking~~. when the cabbie saw they stopped" she
~~And that is not to~~
~~Negro~~ ashamed. The pretended to call
look for her dog. And ~~it isn't her dog~~.

to the lonely ca.

NYPL

But the hamit for a day.
"It the spring" said Bobby.
"But I've seen them do them the dead of winter
And in a fog, after walks hyde the Park in a
a step by Rollen Row a lighter match, —
under the whole place two fogs of people, negroes, women, with
all talking, all coming round with laughter, gesticulating —
& then you blow on the match & they vanish away.
But they walked on.
"By the way I can't talk French" said Bobby.
"Oh not Maurice talks English — beautiful English.
D'you like him?"
"Well yes, I do" said Gloria. I talk with Maurice;
man. In fact, we're at dinner
now explain to you he says such ugly an image. the law
of gravity: as time is [illegible] the descent of you'll
magnetism, he'll say. Women At that my
become. The hole ends rings he comes
Maurice says, turn the colour quite as dull as grass.
Now there you'll make perfect conversation" he says.
But it's not Lady Thyrsis Maurice says. I'm out.
Thursday he will have to "Damnation" the said
Curzon's in — expecting some body with a fur
muff, a cham — a But on the contrary,
old a decolate maiden lady. he will say to that
man, I don't think there's much to be gained, —
& in fact by dear Bobby, how can you suppose
I dare pretend I'll say, really to run on the lines you suggest. but he'll I
Maurice will then get up — & very stagger. say with a
who has, that we say, fallen into a trance over
the tea: all became, the tea has a red tint, a
the cheek of the bowl is therefore pendant,
reflection; neither one colour nor another he'll —
tap her on the shoulder. give her no food bye,
he'll go off — He'll go off. He'll come
back. That's the sort of man he is — and
he'll sit waiting. Or he'll do when I'm

Like the grave women with their white hands.

If Maurice comes then I do

No jones.

NYPL

very seldom seen a man do: that is, attempt
arrange the [illegible] the table. Or act out teach himself
the Hardy servers different ways of folding napkins-
Bobby Now do you like? Bobby [illegible] out
Stubbs, a he's a very fine judge of wine,
her father was in some trade — wine perhaps:
went bankrupt; left their table [illegible] to run about
in the streets of Marseilles. Then he was
Only he started seem that he had the face of Ephraim.
who brought him up. And he went came
But after all whether [illegible] her far that true, or
how far it right as were, or there regrets for
Dr. Porchon: I don't know. the that you see for
yourself. We'll steal up behind them, & you shall
See him for yourself, at about twenty [illegible] up &
Dertana. And you'll hear him [illegible] Master himself.
very Now do Yes Mr. Marvin. [illegible]
Is he a [illegible] human being or isn't he?
also he wears a blue tie". She laughed.
He wears a blue tie [illegible]" she said. we added
What nonsense! "Oh what nonsense!" she [illegible] out,
Jerking her head and arm. "This
"There are elements of truth in that," Bobby remarked.
[illegible] some [illegible] in
you can't expect to give a whole character
well I've been beginning after all," said Bobby.
"I shall talk to him about our holidays in the
East"
Probably the best way is to steal up behind
people when they are not looking. Or to open the
door on the [illegible] when the clock ticks & nobody
speaks. And then the baby's brought in. They
keep a maid & a nurse.
Master — "The man come about the electric
light". And Master says to [illegible]. That's
the [illegible] out what I love [illegible] he',
an a curious [illegible] man, I should say
well made — bad after words! And I think

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very seldom seen or heard: that is, attempt
arrange the [illegible] table. Or [illegible] teach homely
the Hardy seven different ways of holding napkins-
But nobody How do you like? But [illegible]
Bobby; he's a very fine judge of wine,
her father was in some trade — wine perhaps:
went bankrupt; left [illegible] to run about
in the streets of Marseilles; then he was
only an aunt seem that he had the care of Ireland.
who brought him up. And he went Came to England.
But after all whether it's how far that true, or
how far it's right as were, or there regrets for good
Dr Porterson; I don't know. But you'll see for
yourself. We'll steal up behind them, & you shall
for him to yourself, at about twenty [illegible] and up &
Dertana. And you'll hear just how he
say Now do Thats Maggie. Master his hand.
Is she a [illegible] human being, or isn't he?
about to wear a blue tie". She laughed.
He wears a blue tie too" she said. we added
What nonsense! Oh what nonsense!" she pushed out,
Jerking her hand out. "this
"There are elements of truth in that," Bobby remarked.
maybe some
you can't expect to find a whole character in
well Wonder how beginning after all" said Bobby.
"I shall talk to him about our holiday in the
East" Probably the best way is to steal up behind
people when they're not looking. Or to open the
door on the [illegible] when the clock ticks & nobody
speaks. And then the baby's breast is They
keep a maid & a nurse. A chest falls.
Master — "The man come about the electric
light". And Maggie says to herself, That's
the fellow out what I love how [illegible] he's
an a curious [illegible] man, I should say he's
well made — And after words? And if their

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(Mrs Levy of Regent's Park road) a head flaunt down across the window like a falling leaf. And
Yes - I'll talk to him about it later?"
"If he is a Freemason, he could probably tell me a good deal about the Flends [illegible]"
a good deal about the Flends [illegible] —
Why, Reuben, he could probably tell me a good deal —
a good many facts I want to know."
Why
Ada put her mother again. — One day when he was
a little boy often, he came down into the
[illegible] sitting room, & there was a woman
waiting, a stranger, with a white thing under her chin:
She told me that, & how he was never to play in the
garden: & they drew the blinds over the window.
Oh yes & he was afraid to tell her, & how he
hated going to school, & how that was much too
big for him: And the father drank."
Is [illegible] an organ grinder or he? I mean Maggie listened"
Does [illegible] the age of Sleeping "Yes" "But what the
Night Reuben in hay or hom" Negro boy!
organ.
"But he make he hobby?"
Well she met him in a garden: [illegible]
Oh then she met him, one day
, then again
He went to the Tower of London, in the underground
Then there was the pantomime & [illegible] Punch & Judy & [illegible]
[illegible] ate of was better to be married
became a journey in hotels — Mrs Peyton and his
that woman in the Plan box looks so jaroous.
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] Mr & Mrs ! But oh dear
happy? my dear Bo Yes very happy, Bobby —
Now dear Bobby. but is coming the wrong way "said

NYPL

"Oh yes, she loves him a lorne. Antrena yes by
mention the word happiness, then of course
I say, what do you mean?"

By I mean by happiness" - Bobby began. But
He looked Robber

"Look here" he said. "we're going the wrong way.
Instead of turning They had walked in the
direction of the marble Arch; instead of a
instead of indeed, at the end of the the brave
bald knots in which they found themselves they were
on the fringe of the crowd, gathered around
the gathered round which had gathered on
the bare space in front of the stage. "said Bobby.

Lets go up, hear what they're saying" They
As they approached, they saw that
were won among the lookers who had
gathered round the speakers platform.
had collected large audiences; others to them;
had only one or two people listening
that there was a perpetual drifting, from
group to group, as the listeners grew bored, or, calling
wished to change their fare. But all
the speakers seemed equally vehicle eamar,
canvassed. Their features were extremely They
belonged the they clenched their fists;
Coming round the their way & that way;
& Came down brought their fists clenched
their fists. & brought them down with a
smack on the rail in front of them. A
as they clenched their arguments.
Sometimes a banner, over the other scroll. Lazy
Pitched across it explained the speakers
mission or gave the name their society. Some

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some were political; others religious: there was a suffragette in a woman who objected to vivisection: Bobby listened to one group: Elvira to another. Then they joined each other & sauntered on.

"It was a jolly good wheeze, my man" said Bobby "Better than finding a hare in the Herring!"

"A disgusting exhibition" said Elvira. Disgusting!

The arguments the Herald.

"What a dear you are!" he said. "You can't repeat a word

I was thinking all the arguments & the rebels. goons use home to Paddington will take off his boots when he gets home to-night and his wife who has been feeding the kippers will say a few words of good meeting "Fine he'll say. Mother has lit the fire to give em he'll say. And he really believes that I am going to follow him into the Land of Hope. heaving cobbles & say. "No, you won't attempt. He was a wicked man. It was a wheeze." I said; "as well. it's always the same thing. And when his wife follows. J-J-J" he thinks one then they I shall be busy in the beer. Please remember & look Back at your telephone that — what are you going to do about it? I. J. J. "

But he believed what he was saying. Nobody who believes + tries to make other people believe this Thursday crew in the rack — the pain + utter I can tell em as my back "Oh, the pain" utter I'll take me from ten to fifteen minutes to get over that — to shed the honour of being Christian. that degrading exhibition of human weak insult the ridiculated naked form — J. J. J. "

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They walked on across the undulating chaos of Hyde Park, which was broken here & there by a clamps of press, by a police station; & then, [illegible] densely, was crowded by the low building of the powder magazine, behind the railings.

But [illegible] to Law, [illegible] Bobby by [illegible] Elvira began- They spoke at the same time, & both laughed "[illegible] for an, said Elvira."

I was only going to say that [illegible] to have some sort of leader." said Bobby.

And now going to say the most [illegible] a man or woman on her hand by saying "I am upset" makes me hear the hippopotamus barks. [illegible] in the means. I'm crouching in a car, [illegible] follow me, says the garage, wearing a row of shark teeth defiantly from his forehead. [illegible] Boldly as we are made out the Hippotame & an [illegible] for me it [illegible] up the [illegible] dress up the [illegible] her hand can."

Yes see Bobby dear, she said, slipping through his arm, look at it in the way. Bobby & Elvira, There are two people, [illegible] & [illegible], who can't walk along the street without the [illegible] with emotion. Wherever with emotion, Clara standing to [illegible] eyes, & [illegible] with the beauty of the spring. & the clothes around her hand [illegible] a bit indecent to [illegible] Either because she's a woman, or- rubber & glass. & the press, studded with spears:- this. & then they take that emotion & down Corner the stairs- [illegible] a [illegible] Hatred. [illegible] a [illegible] Why! or nothing at all. What what happens when a [illegible] up in a bathchair- & says I'm upset. then a upset.

"I don't believe."

NYPL

The times come, you know, to create a new world -
~~Where the world is free.~~ where there aren't slaves.
"Where you are Reuben, you only need a large
boy stood on end." & a
The wouldn't be free? The wouldn't be human
& name. The wouldn't be ~~independent~~ known from other
people ~~in any way~~. ~~any woman~~.
But my dear, human nature's not like that.
Any child can tell you that ~~scientific~~ fact
~~based~~ on competition - ~~that's the nature of man~~
~~beast~~. ~~Why d'you~~ What d'you suppose you're
taught at school? To beat the other chap.
~~And then you win a prize~~ That's what men behave in.
~~You can't~~ That's human nature. D'you suppose any of those
men we saw at lunch would do a stroke of
work if they weren't paid for it? What are
honours for? ~~Simply by human nature wants to~~
~~in competition~~ Men won't work unless
~~they~~ unless they're stimulated.
~~Rule of force~~ You can't change human nature in the year 1912."
Oh but we thought we'd passed the Law
Courts, what about that fish? You know
some years ago Bobby, before we had the
there was a giant fish swimming down
Strait. Something like a sea serpent. Very well.
Then fish stopped when it got to the Law
Courts & gave a curious shudder that Morris
a man. And in a year or so there
[illegible] under the Lion. Unicorn were a way on
his head. Well now, the fourteen thou
Bobby & Cherie on

Human nature won't work unless they -

People can't get along unless there's a curb

We're bad

NYPL

"That's all in their favour" said Bobby. "No other country
in the world would allow that." ~~It was~~ "
And ~~all saying different things~~" said Elbert.
He was a jolly good speaker my man" said
Bobby. a violent action
They walked down the undulating glass in the
direction of the Serpentine.
They ~~then~~ ~~to be followed in many different ways~~" said
Elbert. ~~And there were etc~~
"I'm right ~~I'm right~~ I'm right" said ~~the first~~ Jim,
"And he puts down his books on the hall table,—
& says to his wife who's been feeding the ~~children~~ ~~baby~~
Had a good meaty tea — & fine he says,
but there is a round & pleasant smile
that when he turns at the door & looks at the boys he
Think One of these days I'll be Prime Minister"
) ~~is right I'm right I'm right~~ Least ~~then~~ was
~~Do you think that~~ No,—
~~Prime Minister~~ "
That's why the ~~the~~ ~~explanation~~.
~~the honour of~~ Athen "I". "Head: ~~I~~
~~reason~~
follows". Upon which we say ~~the same~~ I'm damned if I do".
& try the other. ~~But it always~~ And
the other say that low departed at which,
we try the other. On the other say the same
They ~~two~~ "I'm ~~your~~ leader. ~~Follow me~~ two. What they were all
saying
thumb screw — the rack I fell on my back. . .
It ~~takes~~ ten to 15 minutes to ~~return~~ from
Human nature to ~~my daughter~~

~~It~~ a dreadful
day —

NYPL

No I don't like it" said Elvira. "I don't like one person converting another. "Don't preach - don't teach" who was it said that? St Paul. But I think the old command was laid on him for journeys, not ever."

"Back he goes to his home" said Elvira. Slams the door - but comes he who? Fingers Kephen: Had a good mother, John? she says. Fine he says, unlaces his boots. And when he's drawn out the beer a bit softer to the top "one of these days" he says "I'll be Prime Minister." What right Bobby? she asked as she had shown him a drawing.

I doubt that he unlaces his boots: I doubt whether he has a home - more likely furnished rooms." said Elvira. "I, I, I" "In Westminster I will lead; you shall follow. Bobby." Too much "I" in your tradition.

"Well you can't change human nature at this time of day" Human nature won't work without that drug." Elvira. "Then I should call for a bucket of cold lot."

Then walked in across the undulating Green Hyde Park, broken here & there by a few trees, in the direction of the Serpentine. But look at them they say Bobby. Here are two people who can't walk along the street without - the man staring at the eyes:

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what I felt in St Paul's — doubt, & nature & sleep
The ~~hand~~ wand out her hand.
Oh your hand again" said Bobby.
But I was just going to remark that we must
create a higher world - something we can believe in —
cute as that" She ~~dropped~~ thrust it into her pocket.
"But then your hand is many ways" said Bobby,
in truth - well it's not what one could call an
Educated hand. It's not had much experience of life."
"It's not killed anyone, & it's not made any money,"
& it's always been despised. That's a very good
beginning. Come to think of it. It's not
pocketed the bribe ayth ah." It's not
Yes my dear. But ~~the government of the world~~ —
What about Ireland, what about India?
What about the government of the world? —
When you come up against fact?"
Perhaps not. ~~But Before something~~ "Cease to believe in
them & they cease to exist Bobby."
But human nature? That man on his
tub for example ++ or —"
They had reached the road which separates Hyde
Park from Kensington Gardens. A row of
Cars & Carriages was drawn up against the
Kerb. Within the railings there were
a number of little tables, at which
people were seated, & waiters were
passing ~~from the to kiosk~~ to & fro, with
~~tea~~ trays of tea. An elderly lady
Comfortably wedged in her chair — she had
a table in front of her, but seemed to be
waiting for ~~some~~ her guests to come —
nodded & smiled. Bobby raised his hat, &,
~~Nothed~~ to speak to her.
You must have met old Mrs Bonaguet?" he

NYPL

raid, repeating Elvira. You must have been to her parties."
Oh yes. Ice creams under the rhododendrons. Well? —
It's too complex — too old — you can't change it" he
said.
~~The boat~~ The ice cream, the rhododendrons ~~it~~ they'll
be at themselves before long. ~~Can't be bothered~~ Don't have cards after dinner, & you're not
~~bored~~ asked again, Bobby."
You can change the fashion, no doubt. But
that man in the tube ~~can't~~ can't be changed. ~~That~~
~~woman in a station~~ I mean the desire for power."
They walked on in silence.
But ~~wait~~ ~~he is an intriguing night~~ how can he
become it, if I say to him, Look here my
good fellow, you can beat me, you can
impress me, you can make me go down on
hands & knees, ~~but you~~ I can't give you ~~those~~ ~~I~~ ask that
I don't believe in you, ~~do~~ there! ~~omit it~~!
~~shall~~ Anthea Jane said to Cream ~~two~~
~~look~~ ~~Heath only~~ two thousand years we. ~~We~~
~~got to~~ stay it for another two thousand years. As
then he'd stop preaching. "
I'd have read the eulogies for some time, Elvira.
~~In fact I doubt that I ever read it.~~"
Edward translated, in his rhyming tone.
That another thing I don't believe in.
Edward?
~~the~~ Oxford & Cambridge, all that "
Edward gave me a copy of it even so long ago
at Oxford. My wasted life" he said to me.
~~Arthur~~ as he took down the bookshelf.
"It's done extremely well for homely on the-
Contrary" said Bobby. "A nice house & garden

Never, not much
of the 'wasted life'
about Edward has

NYPL

a two thousand a year." Nothing else wanted like about Edward.
Then he steps off to his lecture room in Cap & Gown &
says Sophocles. & Boon. Not a life for a human
being. Bobby. Suppose Sophocles came about & sat
Edward? Suppose Sophocles was at the front row
taking notes?"
Lecturing a Sophocles & young and tender
undergraduate? Not a life for a human being.
He has half the year holiday."
Not a life for a human being Bobby."
Most people would give their eyes for it"
the like of us, I'd rather be a
book worm. Like at all, I should say. And
Not a life at all. I should say. And
suppose Sophocles sat in the front row & took
notes? A better an & neat hand for books:
undergraduate: My dear Boy: hand in
shoulder: muffin: bath: whereupon Edward
and turn a tap in the door. & the undergraduate
corner in
Run ab Edward! Knock them about for
Cambridge: they ought to shut up Oxford &
& Chapel: have a headache in the gaol.
What you know nothing about Eton
Yes I threw my head back & yelled.
Reflected Compassionate I said to you.
And I can't laugh at having lectures.
Just Bobby — a lecture. Think of
Let lecturing for money: legacy
Scott came before Fielding (in the way
read) I felt week at the week, from the
knees. Sea sea. I dance it to you
in a other manner. Scott Fielding the Best
Father & the English novel —"
whole?

NYPL

Oh the young men have a very good time yet; & they
& they ~~went to~~ lectures very seriously.
& that's where you meet the Bobby. When old
Mrs Jamieson got a Fellowship — after sitting for
Uncle Archie with a wet towel round her head —
they took the house over the College —
all the bells & the nature village healed.
& he was drawn in through up the avenue.
~~Was a matter of fact~~, Didn't I get a font, or
do I not get a font? am I a Fellow or am I not a
Fellow! They have given very recently Darwin
to Edward Forbes his Fellowship very seriously, at
once; but after all, 2,000 a year's not to be
sniffed at.
~~Bobby~~, I should weep it all away into the
Dustbin: I should take a brown & say, that's a
nasty Yellow Garden with those. —
~~And before~~ ~~But~~
"But it's twenty years since I read a fresh play;" &
then calyon a cat.
Well I read him in a crib the other evening.
The rain was falling: Sunday Evening: mutton hot
supper: the Church to Play-like a Mass or Evensong
pricking out tunes with one finger — Abide with me.
I said to Maggie, what's for them Came before
that religion, the Greeks. And I read.
All Rotherden thought of a Gulp. & I said
to Maggie. Why should the man be afraid to
Speak the truth to his own Qs? I had a
Distant impression that we understand now.
"I have heard that Play, with Shakespeare" said
Bobby. "I suppose the Censorship
They had it too?
Well you could talk against the Queen —
the reign of Queen Elizabeth"
But well Bobby there's another Concealment —

a manly
Form

NYPL

"Possibly they know more than they can put into words -
May be that -
To that one looks down - down - down: & then one
seems true -
Yes, worthy changes; I like them[my] dedrit like when I
was a boy of twenty -
Well I was saying Magia (only the dictat letter)
that - about the sunk means - laughing at worthy -
the idea of patriotism perhaps - under his beard;
& then - how did I come to it - Oh ~~it was~~ had
Lempla Graph: Antigone was right, & Creon.
there, are two human law. - The gods, law -
Not Gods law. What did he mean?, I asked
that human laws aren't binding. But the gods
laws? ~~And then~~ I owe a longer allegiance "to
the dead than to the living; I showed but it
the unborn than to the living" That to me, to
we have to think out our laws with a view to
the future. The future big Cleopatra's needle:
our part, a mere rose leaf an hour. So
think away Oxford, Cambridge, Lets not make a
terrible affair of all:"
Well, then the merely the need is to find out
what the laws are. And I say that's what
I'm doing when I hold out my hand."
"It's all a letter - in the air" said Bobby.
But time to come is longer than time past.
well lets live in the present for the time being"
He felled his hope - ~~but they~~ stopped
to look at it. He smiled, as he overlook he.
Cousin. ~~He felt about~~ He felt
~~humanly to some extent can outlast;~~
~~unconcerned to him~~ He thought of her
mother; he thought the Italian manservant

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who played the Concertina; & the little fairy
Monkey up the hall with their perambulators & their
dolls.

D'you remember – he began.

~~What!~~ she said, vaguely.

He started.

What were you thinking Eleven? " he said
touching her arm.

~~Nothing~~ ~~nothing~~ ~~exactly~~ ~~nothing~~ ~~by~~ Nothing exp,
Nop thinking. " My mind crawling like a
~~beetle~~ day under a ~~20~~ years ago. Whereupon the
~~one~~ into the Visible world. Then in Kensington
Gardens ~~Diary~~ ~~Diggety~~; ~~you~~ knows "
The bees were making a curious nervous
fuss in the tree under which they were
standing. The roar of London seemed to
encircle them, ~~comfortably~~ in a ring of
complete but distant sound. Little ~~flies~~
Crumpled leaves, ~~like~~ ~~poked up~~ brown claws that need to be
dried in the sun, hung from the branches.
It was hotter than autumn when you're least
lonely " said Robin.
Something jammy in the air. Look where a
~~what~~ bird up in the blue there –
as if the blue were a big wings, ~~Did you see that!~~
And then that yellow splash; a the
grass almost ~~bigger~~. " We were alone,
I should say — " she stopped. a Bird
~~The~~ ~~presence~~ ~~another person~~ I'm not alone. "
And the presence of another person ...
The bushes and hyde her as they walked ",
~~has a mark~~ that is touching them, that is

then

NYPL

adding ~~two different~~ sex to me, makes it all
Clare, Uncle; what did you do in the Boer war?
Is this beginning of love? Tell me Bobby
No. There's a more unbearably thrilling — Is there?
what did you feel when you felt in love first?
did you take her arm?
Is this how people fall in love Bobby?"
"One way. Yes."
"And lovers very rarely visit it?
"So people say, Eleven"
"Love unconquered in fight, love that sleeps in
the soft cheeks of a girl".
Did Edward ~~translate that passage to you~~
recollection?" "he said.
"But you should feel in love yourself"
instead of quoting ~~Bohun translation~~".
what?— Bohun translation is it the whole the whole
But why a girl ~~to~~ Bobby? why not thus —
They were walking down an avenue of
trees at the end of which shimmered the
Round Pond, Kensington Palace lay in
the distance behind it; & the statue of
Queen Victoria was ~~just~~ visible, white,
featureless. Negligee raised against green sky.
~~Because she body~~. ~~I can't~~ But
"~~As long as we have bodies~~ we can't fall
in love with Kensington Gardens; —
~~with beauty~~?"
No. Not with beauty! "with my
we have bodies, ~~splendid~~ Eleven.
body I pay worship" ~~Hail~~ "!
~~But Hail~~ Your loathesome service ~~Hail~~ —
~~what a degradation, it love is~~

NYPL

think of beginning married life with all those bills."
"~~Your father + mother used to often say~~"
but why he learned by ~~heartbreak~~ his?
~~merely became a man in a~~
Our father + mother used to" "
for the entertain us."
And then she laughed at them; He led to him:
Come Elvira. ~~They were beating~~ ~~comfortless as comforters go~~"
The men are the most charming people I've ever known"
"~~Other~~ Lovely - lying in front of her looking glass as
Jule Evening dress. At the ~~Grand~~ Ball
you walked down a street ~~with her~~ to a
barrel organ began playing the "I Want Dancing
~~At the Ball~~ she knew what you felt before
you ~~said~~ it." ~~Charm~~"
~~Look~~ Mad was her profession. Edward lectures.
Bobby. ~~Just as~~ Edward lectures.
Morris take bucks. ~~As~~ My mother
Charmed. And I say they're all
Equally damned, ~~telling her for money~~
taking money for telling lies. Only
the vamist is well paid as they are. ~~what bad the~~ liars!
The only ~~left~~ a cupboard Gold
~~Dog~~ Clothes;"
"And Johnny William + Kenneth + Magdalene.
Elvira"

Papa was
Jammy when
hate.
Eugenia take
ca ~~was~~

for

NYPL

They were approaching the Round Pond. Instead
of the [illegible] rigid men & women ~~who had~~ there were now
children were now in the majority, & dogs abounded.
The air was full of barking, & little shrill cries.
Nurses slowly pushed perambulators in front of
them, in which lay babies ~~sealed~~ like images of
tinted wax, their eyes perfectly smooth eyelids
falling over them eyes, ~~so that~~ as if they sealing
them, completely.

& perky movement.

"You looked like that when I first saw you"
said Bobby. And Maggie was holding
on to the ~~for~~ pram."

"Already ~~awake~~, but silent" said Elvira.
Dreaming of things to come."
Staring up at her great eyes at me. But you were
fast asleep. Just like that baby." ~~that~~ baby.
" like a Chrysalis. I suppose babies only feel light.
& dark. And what do ~~you~~ think it means when a
dog barks? A ~~great~~ cataract? And then
the sight of a nurse hand, all out of proportion.
and rage & fear; & also calm, perhaps, like an
asylum lying in the sun at the foot of a tree; &
then sleep. Whereas now, everything known to
baby! ~~to be this~~. However when we come to
die we may see the last green needle
before like an ~~help~~ help what do you think!
But then again how hideous!" hideous?
~~What hideous~~ in a child in a pram.
~~the chair~~ ~~the pram~~ ~~but that one~~"
Nor ~~in~~ in the chair
No, the woman ~~and~~ under the tree; with her
baby in her arm, hugging it, holding it to her;
"my baby", all the rest of how horrible! -
But my dear Elvira that - at least I think this
That's your own Julia: that is Maggie;
But then where's the husband?"

NYPL

that's what I knew. It Maggie all right"
She was sitting under a tree at some little distance
from the Pond. She had taken the baby out of the
pram; she re-arranged the pillows & de-
clared the child had again
Elv
Miss Maggie, He." said Elvira. "I was wrong about
Penny. He's not there as I thought. But it's a
horrid night, all the same."
"Hello Maggie" said Bobby, lowering his
voice, as the child was half awake: "here we are."
Far distant clocks began chiming. The hour.
Just as it ticking four" said Elvira. The
Get somewhere chain" said Maggie. But don't ..."
The baby was not in the way of waking. It
opened its eyes & looked up. They sat silent, hav-
Maggie rocked the carriage, gently, rhythmically.
The baby shut its eyes. She didn't talk.
"Jen needn't wonder - He's asleep." she said.
"Well" said Bobby. He took off his hat &
held it on his knee. The breeze came gently
in their faces, bringing with it the intermittent
sharp sounds of children shouting & ~~dogs~~
dogs barking, together with the rush of the branch-
"We met at St Paul's & lunched together" said Bobby.
And then?" said Maggie, who was perched up on the
roma sewing that they had laid on the
green. She began to unreeded her needle.
So we walked "Bobby began - Elvira interrupted."
But to finish what I was saying. Elvira interrupted."
That attitude of yours, when Jen took the baby
out of the pram & clasped him to - its ears &
now - defiantly & all hangar flowing That all."
Maggie held the eye of the needle against the
dark of Bobby's coat & set to threed it. The
cotton went through. She looked at him as
she drew the thread through. Her face intended him

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a face, rather lovely when ~~blood & tears~~ to that
so that the flesh, when he laughed, or spoke, took
odd wrinkles. especially round the eyes. He had
ruffled his hair. It stood ~~round~~ up. He was very well dressed

"Nonsense, mother" he said
~~Oh~~ what Elspeth says. Not allergetic. It's an
instinct. ~~Instinct~~" one can't control it."

Even so I stood Elvira a thorough good lunch.
Whereupon the said, walking round, like
"a tipsy crow" Maggie added,
'I ate that amount every day. I shocked terrorize
the neighbourhood. assume that normal passion
is induced by a continued indulgence in
alcohol. I want beer. For the old man at
"~~And toast beef~~." the head of affairs, whom
the sometimes calls the Lord Chancellor of Crofts,
gave her a vote. I shall stir her tea as he ate
a kipper with a golden thorn. All power.
when we reached the Marble Arch, is wrong;
~~If you say~~ "I'm sure" you merely knock the thin
man on the head with an ass's flesh bone;
hence down with St Paul's the Lawyers
where they won prayer & the Parliament
instinct [illegible] the brain of the human race,
down also, Maggie, with you."

"Were those the hand" said Elvira.
"Do you know what I am, you said what?
~~I didn't~~ what was it you were saying?" She asked
Bobby as Elvira ~~Let's go, Maggie~~ and "motherhood"
~~that I always~~ ~~what I always~~ ~~I don't~~ desperately
motherhood."
"~~I don't much like~~" said
much better. But you can't help it."
~~Oh, by the~~ she said, drawing her needle in & out
~~Good~~ Surely ~~it~~ rather necessary, if the human race is to
Exit" said Bobby.

Of course —

B. Elam. Moses
Edward. Mitty. Delia
Rou.

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"It the horsenumen – hugging one's horsenom to one."
Yes, "you can't have them at home for three months"
~~You can't~~".
"You can have a name" said Bobby.
"It's the instinct" said Maggie:
~~It~~ It's something she can't help. said Clem:
the Lion at the Zoo eating raw meat. Can't
help it. The man on the tub. Can't help it; or
the man in gold lace sitting: But not these you're
three names Maggie?" "Of course you can't allow them –
Maggie shook her head. Can't allow them.
~~Suppose you had ten children?~~ "~~Three~~ ~~them~~ ~~can't~~
"~~And some women have ten children~~" she said.
~~divorced.~~ "I shall only have two children" she says.
"My mother had ~~ten~~ nine" said Bobby. "Seven lived,
~~two~~ ~~three~~ ~~died~~"
~~Did she want them?~~
~~No she did her best to prevent them. But in~~
~~Yes~~ "at the end!
~~Yes, during~~ ~~injured~~ "~~Her~~ whole life in fact" said Maggie
"~~Well at last we've got~~ Not a good
system no. said Bobby. "I was lucky Clem.
"Yes." Bobby sighed. "And we can't get
rid of the poor. No taxation accommodates"
"They die all like flies ~~round~~ ~~us~~" said Maggie.
Mrs. Parkes had her –
– that's the old woman I was telling you
about Clem remember. You go to tea
with Maggie. Nobody there. Baby in one
home for a week. where Maggie? Kettle not
boiling. Flowers even not in water. Where
Maggie? Talking to the char. What about?
~~How~~ ~~The price of bananas~~
~~The baby seems to be~~
~~They died~~" They had seven children:
" their very intention to take us."

Three names and he broke them one.

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woman" said Maggie
She said no more.
~~You're not going~~
What about? Elvira wheedled.
~~What about~~?" Maggie peered at her. "Did she take the fizzy tan in her right hand, or her left."
Had the fetus blue dots on or a pink arc?
~~What sort of vegetable upon about~~ was it potatoes or
brussel sprouts?" There was an elephant
walking round the beautiful with golden trunks."
~~to you~~ And what did you talk about?" she
asked Bobby
Oh we talked about fizzy jam & brussel sprouts.
I gave her a thorough good lunch. She said if I gave
her another, her regular attendants would be so
much in arrears that no little boy in London
would be safe from her. So when you fetus
vote Maggie you must be sure not to make too
much money. ~~Don't become a successful barrister~~
~~all about.~~ That was the argument I think."
Oh & the present Rate of Money is bad, so that if
the old man whom the remembrancer calls the Lad
Chancellor ~~asked~~ asked for her a vote she'd
throw them in his face as he sat eating a kipper
with a golden spoon. And the policeman
outside bring the bearer of all down
with both knees, where they lecture on
~~Fielding~~ for money, & also with St Paul's."
Yes," ~~said~~ Maggie. "Nothing very new" and bent
~~A few faults~~" ~~said~~ Elvira
over had saddle mutton, apple tart, & cream.
Coffee. Claret to drink, & a wee ~~of~~ glass of
brandy with our coffee." said Elvira.
And there was a tortoise shell on the walk - and
Bobby met an old school fellow."
A chap called Howard" said Bobby.

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"And then we walked along the Strand & the tears
~~gushed~~ from our eyes at the sight of a woman
~~without~~ any more."
And I told Elvera not to be a sentimental ass,
& she said that it was worse to be a bishop"
whereupon we found ourselves at Marble Arch: a
a man said ~~I. ? ? ? the weather clears~~ ? Down with the horse Hands —
~~we want power~~ — & here we are ..." He yawned.
As for St Pauls Magpie. she added: it only now & again
a fine chunk."
Elvera decided they by holding up her hand "Baby.
added. ~~because there nothing else to listen~~
~~And whose~~ ~~way~~ we must
~~at in Lapwater~~ because there nothing else to do on. And its
"the yawn again. I mean,
new laws — I mean what do we feel — I mean
new laws & fat new Leviathan. Coffee
~~about with me, what comes next~~ ?
were Jicing last Sunday Magpie." "the yawn
again. "~~My hand~~ I mean, ~~the~~ when the bells
Lolo Abide with me — & somebody said —
I forget what." Her eyes clouded.

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She stretched, & her eyes closed. She opened them & closed them again.

"Where's your husband — Renny?" said Bobby the Yoke in a low voice, because of the sleepers, & bent a little towards Maggie.

"In the shop" she replied. "He's always ~~must be till~~ [illegible]."

An Engineer!

"~~Never know~~ - mathematics - Chemistry. Aeroplanes. Electricity. Let me see — ~~the whole~~ there's a thing called an atom." And France & Germany, & the future of the world in general."

"There's a thing called politics" Bobby added.

"Do ~~they~~ ~~say~~ it seem" she murmured.

A nice little baby" he said, looking at the Child sucking its thumb as it slept.

She considered her son, "She won't know much about it for another year" she said.

This nose isn't too big" she said, considering him.

Won't change people, having children" he said.

Takes a long time.

Mentube an awful tie" he said. "That's my problem." he paused.

Is the journey to have a baby? Maggie asked.

Heaven forbid!" he exclaimed. "I'm perfectly in love with her; but if we married, I should be bored to death in two months."

"Then why marry?"

Because ~~I~~ the other man

Who is ——?"

Oh his name doesn't matter. But he's

There all right."

I see. And the rest —?

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Because ~~I~~ the other man
Who is ——— ?"
Oh his name doesn't matter. But he's
there all right."
I see. And the rest ——— ?

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"She wants to be married."
It's a lie in short.
Damnable. I can see that plain as print
Warning me in my face, this is a commonplace
ordinary girl — might be in a shop in Oxford Street:
& yet she stirs me to fierce — ~~literally~~ it
tears me to pieces."
She's not beautiful, this not educated; she
directly I hear her, I hear every word she's said —
wrong: I see her, with her cheap little dress —
how you know — stockings & shoes & yet I'd
~~only~~ like to be in the room with her
when you see her — ~~for~~ Yes. I understand.
What's to be done about Maggie? I shall
bring her to see you. ~~Perhaps~~ ~~But isn't it~~ it a
queer state of mind? ~~The only thing~~ ?
Before play. Chez Her father was the same.
Yes I remember her giving me a necklace when
was a little girl. ~~a~~ blue necklace with
bright gold beads in it.
~~On play chess.~~ Even at the moment, you see.
She may be all with — ~~the other Chap.~~"
The baby turned over on the pillow. Elvira
~~gave the deep~~ gave breathed with the helpless
indifference of ~~simple~~ ~~idiot~~ ~~mankind~~
somebody sleeping in a chair in the
~~dim~~ ~~twilight~~ other room. "I'll come to them"
"Baby has been" said Maggie — "I'll come to them"
~~that~~ came an angel, Maggie" he said, ~~began~~ her hand in
She smiled.
~~But~~ ~~not~~ added "She was looking at her father —
& stuck her thumb in her mouth too" She
looked at him. There was something

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alike in their attitudes. But how different the Expression on their faces were—

"Everything's crooked" ~~he~~ Maggie whispered.

And doesn't she dress — said Bobby.

Just odds. Ends — Jo. — Love. ~~is the~~ Love — most abhorrent problem ever set! ~~Here am I~~ — ~~& there are you.~~"

But that is an awful problem —

And he'll go through just the same postures" said Bobby, pointing at the perambulator.

And ~~it brought him into the world~~ " —

She began rolling up her sewing.

Yet I suppose some people think that there is a ~~perfectly~~ reasonable solution ... And Penny for instance. He won't be back till 9 tonight. He'll have gone to a meeting."

~~It may be possible to alter human nature —~~

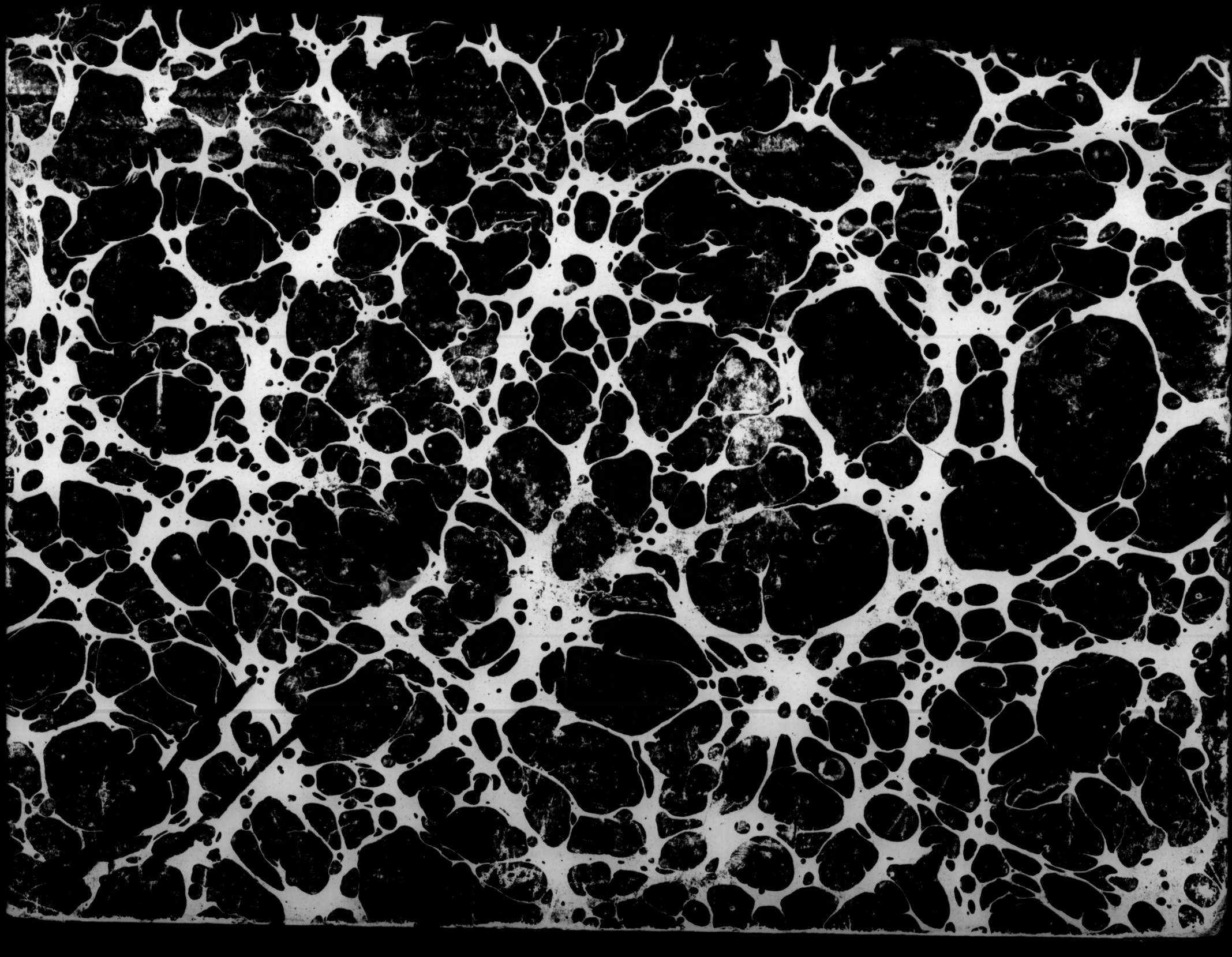
Even if all these people had Enough to eat & drink to begin with — if they had decent homes!" if they had?

~~But that's only a means.~~ What are we aiming at? What sort of life do we want to lead? " ~~after all, it doesn't~~ ~~seem to work very well~~ — the present state of things. You & Effie:

The present state of things doesn't seem to work very well?

Oh you can't change human nature. Men have always fallen in love: ~~just~~ just in the same way. I was looking through my father's papers. He had ~~her~~ Mira" ~~Jo~~ I guessed that when he gave me a necklace once."

"She called him Lulu".

He looked up his hat up from the grass.

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